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THE FLORAL TEMPLE IN THE GRAND GERMAN FAIR.—[See Page 706.]

THE GERMAN FAIR.

A GRAND fair for the benefit of wounded soldiers within the German lines was opened recently in the hall of the Thirty-seventh Regiment, on Broadway, between Thirty-fifth and Thirty-sixth streets. It is arranged with great taste, and will doubtless produce thousands of dollars for the desirable object for which it was designed. One of the chief attractions is a magnificent Floral Temple, of which we give an illustration on our first page. There are eighteen tables in the rooms, profusely laden with fancy and useful articles of every description. Besides the tables supplied by private parties in this city, there is one belonging to the Turnverein, one from Hoboken, and one from College Point. On the opening night Mr. WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT made a very interesting address.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1870.

ANNEXATION BY CONQUEST.

WE have more than once remarked the profound regard for the public opinion of the world which has been constantly evinced by Germany during the war. Every word has been spoken and every act done as in the conscious presence of a great and just arbiter. There could be no more significant sign of the immense moral progress of the world, for it is a tacit admission that mere force conclusively settles nothing; that every result produced by powder and shot must be ratified by reason, or it will not stand. In all Count BISMARCK's dispatches, therefore, there is a tone of calmness which is almost cruelly satirical upon the passionate rhetoric of the French declarations. His circular to the German legations in various countries detailing the circumstances of his interview with JULES FAVRE has been published since our article of last week was written. BISMARCK's account of the interview, like that of JULES FAVRE, is, of course, *ex parte*; but it has an air of great probability. His demands, as he reports them, are precisely those which it was universally supposed would be made by Germany, and his corrections of certain representations of M. JULES FAVRE justify themselves. There can be little doubt that the substance of the negotiations is faithfully reported by Count BISMARCK.

There can be as little that they will be considered by public opinion not to have failed by reason of the extravagance of the German conditions. The primary topic was of necessity an armistice, and the terms proposed were not extravagant. The frontier that would be claimed as a condition of peace BISMARCK declined to discuss until the principle of cession had been publicly conceded by France. Whether this cession were to be absolute by right of conquest, or to be referred to a vote of the inhabitants, he did not say. But he denied that to cede territory would humiliate France. It was a demand which France had always made, and it was a result of all modern wars; and France could not urge that the cession would dishonor her without granting that she had dishonored other nations. Indeed, all the argument and the precedent were with Count BISMARCK. But the Count did not, and, of course, could not, show how the absolute cession of territory and population would tend to that peace of feeling without which a treaty is but a truce.

"Americus," a very learned and able correspondent of the *Evening Post*, recently considered the whole subject of the plebiscitum. Leaving aside the question of the wisdom of annexing any French territory, and assuming annexation to be essential to the peace of Germany and of Europe, he shows that we Americans have five times extended our territory, but that neither the people of Louisiana, of Florida, of California, nor of New Mexico were consulted, and Texas, as an independent state, was admitted by treaty. All territorial annexation, with very few exceptions, has been made without the plebiscitum; and "Americus" forcibly asks by what right a majority can determine the allegiance of the rest. There is undoubtedly a great deal of weight in such suggestions. But the actual question must be determined by the circumstances. Louisiana was undoubtedly as much French territory as Alsace is now, just as Washington Territory is as much part of the domain of the United States as New York. But it would manifestly be much easier for the government to lose that Territory by friendly cession in a time of peace than to be forced by war to cede New York.

But although it is undoubtedly true that annexation by conquest has been hitherto the rule, there is no question that it has not tended to the permanence of peace. Mr. SEWARD did not care to have a vote taken upon the island of St. Thomas. But when Denmark insisted, and the vote was as virtually unanimous as that of the Roman provinces recently, the proposed cession had a moral strength which nothing else could give. It is, of course, a perplexing question. But if the majority of the inhabitants of Alsace ought not to determine the allegiance of a minority, should the arms of an enemy determine that of the whole? Granting that a vote upon the subject is awkward, and in a certain sense inconclusive, is it not a very much more satisfactory method than a peremptory transfer? The latter is an assertion of one of the old rights of war, as they are called, which have been set aside by the development of the very public opinion of which we were speaking, and which protests against the mere will of the conqueror as a law for the conquered.

It is, again, in deference to this public opinion that Count BISMARCK has sent a dispatch from Versailles to the German ministers that the object of the military operations in France is not conquest, but such a new boundary as experience has demonstrated to be essential to the defense of Germany from French incursions. To this security Germany is entitled. The whole world agrees that she is not bound to continue exposed to French invasions and promenades to Berlin. But it is clear that this security can best be found in the total demolition of the fortresses; and that no "rectification of frontiers" or occupation of the fortresses can do more than exasperate feeling until it produces another terrible war.

THE TAMMANY POLICY.

WE showed last week how it had become the duty of the Republican voters, in the city of New York, to throw their weight against the Tammany Ring by supporting the anti-Tammany Democratic nominations. Since then the Republican State Committee, at a meeting attended by twenty-four of the thirty-one members, and by a vote of twenty-one to three, have recommended that no city nominations be made by the Republican party, but that those of the independent or anti-Tammany Democrats be supported. On the following evening two Conventions of the party were held. That of the Administration Republicans cordially approved the action of the State Committee, by resolving that the course recommended by it was the true policy of the party, under the circumstances. The other Convention, that of those who are called, from their action, Tammany Republicans, discussed a resolution virtually censuring the State Committee, which was finally referred, and a committee of conference with the other body was appointed. We do not suppose that the Administration party will recede, and the other, having made an apparent overture of harmony, will probably proceed to nominate a full ticket of Republicans.

It is a wise old maxim in war to find out what the enemy wants you to do, and then avoid it with energy. The enemy is anxious that a Republican ticket shall be nominated in the city. It will divide the opposition and secure the victory of the Tammany Ring. Is not that enough for any Republican? Is it the mere form of voting a party ticket upon which he is bent, or does he prefer the fact of the enemy's defeat? Now in the city the enemy is the Tammany Ring. It is very powerful and very crafty and unscrupulous. And when a Republican discovers that a vote for the regular ticket of his party helps the Ring, ought he not to vote differently? Moreover, it is not a question to be decided by an equal dislike of the managers or advocates of the two policies. If a voter distrusts A, who is conspicuous upon one side, as much as B, who is equally conspicuous upon the other, when he sees that Tammany prefers one of them, is it not enough to persuade him to vote for the other?

Every Republican knows that the hope of the Tammany leaders is to carry the State of New York by manipulating the vote in the city by fraud of every kind. Should they succeed they will press Mr. TWEED's Mr. HOFFMAN upon the next Democratic National Convention as the most available Presidential candidate, who is sure to carry his own State and its imposing array of electoral votes. They wish to use the State of New York as the lever to overthrow the Republican national ascendency, and they intend that the city shall be the fulcrum. Does any Republican wish to help them? If he does, he will of course do at this election precisely what the Tammany managers wish; that is, he will support the Republican city nominations that may be made. If he does not—if his object is to strike at the very heart of the movement to turn over the national government to the party which connived at its destruction—he will refuse to divide the opposition to the Tammany Ring.

PRUSSIA AND NEUTRAL RIGHTS.

IT is stated from Washington that the Prussian Government has remonstrated against the sale of arms and material of war in this country to France. The same remonstrance has been addressed to England, and apparently with damaging force, by the Prussian minister, who points out that the British Government has changed its ground upon this subject during the war, and that its present position is incompatible with its recent conduct. Upon the first point the Prussian minister, BERNSTOFF, says that when complaint was first made of such shipment from England the reply was, that there could be interference only upon positive proof of the traffic; and that when such proof was offered the reply was, that the traffic was lawful. In the second place, he says that in the Danish-German war the British Government did prevent the exportation of arms and warlike stores intended for use against Denmark. This is certainly a statement of damaging force, if it be true. But there is, of course, something to be said upon the other side; and that is to be found in the circular of the British Foreign Office of August 11, 1870.

In that circular Lord GRANVILLE says, that "The steps taken by her Majesty's Government have been strictly in accordance with precedent, and with the principles by which neutral nations, including Prussia herself, have been guided in recent wars." And he adds, that no neutral power can decide what articles are to be held contraband of war, nor prevent their exportation; and that it is the duty of the belligerent to arrest them if they are likely to injure him. But Lord GRANVILLE confuses his case by stating that in the Crimean war Prussia herself could not prevent the passage of foreign arms through her territory to Russia, although she had forbidden it. What then? If a state is not bound to prohibit the exportation, as Lord GRANVILLE claims, why should it be anxious to prevent it? That he is correct in his statement of the British law is undeniable. "Historicus"—Mr. VERNON HARCOURT—said, during the *Alabama* debate, "An English merchant may manufacture cannon and all other munitions of war for a belligerent, because there is no law to prevent it." The late amendments of the British neutrality law do not affect this right; and the claim of the Prussian minister, that the export of arms and material from England to France is a breach of neutrality, can not be sustained in view of the fact that the same facilities are offered to each belligerent, and that if the rule operates more severely against one than the other, it is, nevertheless, a rule adopted upon general grounds, and without regard to any particular contest.

The position of this country upon the subject has been always uniform, and Prussia need only to be referred to our uninterrupted tradition. Hostile expeditions and ships of war are not allowed to depart, nor to be fitted out, but arms and ammunition, which can be of service only when they reach the territory of the belligerents, we freely sell and take the risk. Secretary FISH declared to a foreign minister at Washington, just at the beginning of the present war, that arms and warlike material had always been regarded by the United States as articles of legitimate commerce by neutrals; and that during our late war great quantities of such articles were furnished by dealers in England, France, and Belgium to both parties in this country. It is very plain that if Prussia does not wish France to be furnished with American arms, she must stop them. The Prussian Government has declared such a humane and sagacious regard for the rights of neutrals that she can not hope to maintain a claim that war shall limit neutral commercial enterprise. If the neutral world may supply arms and material at its own risk to belligerents, nations will be more wary how they go to war; and nothing is plainer than that it is for the advantage of civilization that the rights of neutrals shall be constantly enlarged.

PARTY SPIRIT.

MR. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, of Massachusetts, in accepting the Democratic nomination for Governor of that State, writes a very lively letter. He says: "Differing in that respect from my eloquent competitor [WENDELL PHILLIPS], I have, for three years past, wished to be Governor of Massachusetts very much; but having failed to discover the reciprocity of sentiment among a majority of my fellow-citizens, which is so desirable in such cases, I thought it would be wise for the Democracy to select a more attractive candidate." He adds that it would be absurd to insist upon refusing so small a sacrifice as that of allowing his name to be printed at the head of a ticket, which is all that is expected of a Democratic candidate for Governor in that State. If the letter of Mr. ADAMS had ended here it would have been a good-humored part of the joke which he and every body else understand his nomination to be. But he proceeds to make certain assertions in regard to the Republican party and its policy, one of which will illustrate the value of all.

Mr. ADAMS says: "Above all, Sir, the Democracy intend to try for a new Union under what a radical Senator of the United States has called that 'decayed and worm-eaten bequest of the fathers of the republic,' the Constitution of the United States." Mr. ADAMS ought to remember that the first duty of an honorable partisan is to take care to ascertain the truth of charges that he makes; and the least care upon his part to know the fact would have apprised him that no radical Senator ever said what he quotes. It is an electioneering story, which grew out of the statement of a correspondent professing to report the substance of a speech of Senator CONKLING's, and immediately upon its repetition in the *World*, where Mr. ADAMS probably saw it just as he was writing his letter, was promptly denied.

There are some things which even party malice might suppose that political opponents would not say. If in the days when Mr. ADAMS was a Republican, and PRESTON BROOKS assaulted Mr. SUMNER, it had been reported that Mr. EDWARD EVERETT, who was a political opponent of Mr. SUMNER's, had said that Mr. SUMNER was served right, would Mr. ADAMS have gravely repeated the remark as authentic? Yet it was just as probable that Mr. EVERETT would have said it as that Mr. CONKLING would call the Constitution "worm-eaten and decayed."

FRANCE AND BALLOONS.

ANY close observer of the European war must have remarked that the truth of the situation has been generally told by the Germans, and not by the French. During the battles at the end of August around Metz, and the series of operations which closed at Sedan, the reports from French sources were totally false, and the lies upon which Paris was fed are monstrous to remember. This French inability to tell the truth apparently continues. Whether it be that the new Government distrusts itself, or thinks that it is necessary to fire the French heart at all hazards, or wishes merely to produce a momentary effect upon general public opinion, or whatever else may be the reason, it is painfully evident that it is necessary to disbelieve the French reports until they are confirmed.

Thus one morning recently it was announced from Tours that BAZAINE had broken out of Metz, and was marching victoriously through the German lines to join another French army; that the German force which had a day or two before taken and occupied Orleans had surrendered; while a sortie from Paris had driven back the whole line of the Germans, and had, in effect, raised the siege of the city. In a word, the entire situation was changed; and if the news were true, it was to be supposed that the next morning's intelligence would be that the Germans were in full retreat to reach the Rhine, and escape from France before they were anihilated. Of course no such news came, but in its place a simple statement that the astonishing reports were untrue, that the Germans still held Orleans, that their position around Paris was substantially unchanged, and that BAZAINE was still in Metz.

Indeed, since the French have taken to balloons their news seems to be affected by the conveyance—it is all wind and gas. So tragical a spectacle was never offered as the apparent material and moral choas into which a great nation has suddenly fallen. No man and no body of men in France seem to be masters of the situation. Those who have placed themselves at the head of affairs shrink from asking the people to authenticate their powers; and they can not plead that the situation of the country renders it impracticable, for BISMARCK stated that the elections would not be interrupted in districts which the Germans command, and he would have granted an armistice for the purpose. The French authorities seem to dread the appeal to the people. The consequence is, that while industry is every where paralyzed—while the country is overrun by the enemy, and necessarily desolated—while city after city is falling into the enemy's hands, and his lines are drawn fast about Paris—while the confidence of the French soldiers and people in their military leaders is wholly destroyed, and the popular volunteer chief is the Italian patriot, GARIBALDI—while the rhetorical proclamations of the Provisional Government only make the reader sigh, and the military efforts are scattered, spasmodic, and resultless, there is the terrible consciousness that amidst all the bewildering confusion there is only a provisional authority, born of an emotion, and by its own acknowledgment not a Government which can bind the country, or which other Governments can fully recognize.

No cheers for a republic, no denunciation of despotism, can do more than confound the confusion. If BAZAINE really had escaped from Metz, and were triumphantly marching to Tours—if the Germans upon the Loire had actually surrendered, and the remnants of their army were streaming across Eastern France—what should we be likely to see in a country full of blood and desolation and wrath?—labor paralyzed, and the laborer armed; somewhere a Provisional Government, self-appointed; every where the plots of the most desperate partisans; and nowhere that calm, sturdy habit of liberty and of civil self-control which enables a people to await the legitimate organization of authority. One of the wisest of political thinkers, himself a Frenchman, DE TOCQUEVILLE, more than thirty years ago expressed a fear that France was tending to that most deplorable of conditions, a democracy under an absolute monarch; that is to say, a democratic state of society without an intelligent spirit of liberty. This was exactly the condition of France under LOUIS NAPOLEON, and it is this which has ruined the country. There is, apparently, no mutual confidence among Frenchmen left; and, so far as can be surmised from the reports

of eye-witnesses and residents in that country, a great military chieftain could easily work his will.

That a republic might at last, and after a terrible struggle, reorganize France into a peaceful and progressive political society, is possible; but is a republic possible? When it was declared, remembering the manner in which it had been always betrayed hitherto, it seemed in the then apparent situation as if its chances were fair. And if there had appeared in the Provisional Government a republican mind of heroic grasp, which could have plainly seen that the first act of the country must be the repudiation of the Emperor's war, as it had apparently repudiated the Emperor, and could have seen further that immense sacrifices, at which France would wrathfully protest, were indispensable, and had had the ascendency to persuade the country to acquiesce, the world would have felt that there was hope of establishing and sustaining a popular system. But the French conduct of affairs has been a huge blunder. The sole thought has been to repel the invader by force of arms, and to denounce him as blood-thirsty and barbarous because he did not retire before the threat. We do not certainly blame the men in authority that they are not other than they are. We do not say that any man, or body of men, could have persuaded the nation to a truly great and wise policy. The storm of popular feeling must, perhaps, be spent. But sooner or later the actual situation must be confronted reasonably, and not rhetorically. In the mean while it is useless to prophesy, but equally useless to credit balloon news.

THE FIFTEENTH AMENDMENT IN OPERATION.

The autumn elections show that the colored vote is true to the party which proposed and carried the Fifteenth Amendment. It would be very strange if it were not so. If the citizens who have been so long disfranchised or disabled should vote against those who have fought and won their battle, and in favor of the party which has steadily derided and oppressed them, it would only prove how utterly degraded that oppression had made them. The case was put so strongly by ex-Governor Orr, of South Carolina, in his letter of the 15th of August, when speaking of the new vote in the Southern States, that we are glad to repeat what he said:

"The colored vote is, and has been from 1867, nearly a unit for the Republican party; and have they acted unwisely or unpatriotically in their ardent devotion to the Republican party? Suppose our conditions—the white race—were reversed; that we and our ancestors had been slaves for two hundred years; that a party had made war to give us freedom; that it had succeeded; that the same party had periled its own supremacy by guaranteeing to us civil rights; and that, above all, the ballot, the effectual weapon of preserving those rights, had been secured to us by solemn constitutional enactment by the same party, and we were, in the face of all this, appealed to by those who had opposed all these great boons, to join with them in overthrowing the party of our deliverance and redemption, would any white man tolerate with patience any such proposition?" And Mr. Orr asks most conclusively, "Is it strange the colored Republican should be cautious, and adhere with tenacity to his party? Can we justly hope to exercise that political influence over him which we now constantly do in all the other relations and duties of life, until he is convinced that we intend in good faith to protect him equally with the whites, not only in his person and property, but in all his civil and political rights?"

These questions, so obvious to every sagacious politician, have, of course, suggested themselves to the Democratic party chiefs in the Northern States. But they had so long prospered by pandering to the contempt and hatred of the colored population that they could not suddenly turn to flatter and cajole them without alienating their followers. They have, therefore, lost all chance of securing any considerable part of the new vote, and their aim is to bully it from the polls if they can. This was tried in Philadelphia at the late election, but the United States Marshal had made provision of military force which awed the bullies and protected the voters. In the city of New York, the *World*, the organ of what it calls shameless corruptionists, openly suggests to the repeaters and ballot-stuffers to go armed to the polls. Such advice is, of course, to be expected from those who are used to carrying elections by fraud and violence, and who truckle to ignorance and crime. But the honest voters are, fortunately, still in the majority; and although the present Mayor, like his predecessor, Mr. John T. Hoffman, should strive to protect frauds, and the Governor—the same Mr. Hoffman—should sustain the Mayor's attempts, honest voting will still be practicable so long as the superior national authority is in Republican hands.

No good citizen, whose purposes are honest, will object to the most stringent protection of legal voting, nor to the summary exposure and the severest punishment of illegal. But nobody, of course, who believes the organ of the Ring, believes an honest election to be practicable under the Ring auspices. For what chance of a fair election could there possibly be from gentlemen who, as we are told by the *World*, "cut down below its level the rightful vote of the electors of Horatio Seymour?" If they cut down the vote for a candidate whom they do not like, they will certainly not hesitate to "pile it up" for one whom they favor. If the *World* is to be trusted, the honest voters are defrauded at the polls, and ought to be protected. How glad the *World* must be to know that the Government is resolved that they shall be!

WOMEN AND PEACE.

The appeals of Madame De Gasparin and of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, each published without co-operation, show that the influence of women is ceasing to be a passive emotion, and is becoming a positive and formal incentive to action. Mrs. Howe, in her address, published some weeks ago, invites the assembly of a congress of women to declare authoritatively that they will not connive at war, but will insist that a peaceful solution of every difficulty be found. Madame De Gasparin proposes a petition to be signed by women throughout Christendom, and presented to the belligerent governments, and to others, as a protest of mothers, wives, and daughters, against the inevitable wrongs and incalculable sufferings of war. However mistaken the expectation may seem that any such protest or congress could be effective, the suggestion is significant. It is another sign that women are moving toward an active part, not only as human beings, but as citizens, in the conduct of affairs. But while they are still disfranchised we do not see that any public and combined protest could be more influential than private remonstrance. A protest with a vote behind it is very powerful. But the protest of feeling is made now as earnestly as it could be under any circumstances.

What is wanted is the power to prevent war, by making the protest operative. At present every wife and mother and sister denounces with all her heart and conscience a wicked, as they inspire courage for a truly holy war. The universal protest of their hearts against the bitterness of the ordeal is felt by every man who arms and marches away. That, indeed, could not be deepened nor increased. But if women could authoritatively say, "There shall be no war," in the same way that men say, "There shall be," the change in international relations would be profound. Long rolls of names, which could not well be authenticated, could have but a vague and remote effect, but piles of ballots must be heeded. And the instinct which impels two women in different countries, and without collusion, to propose to bring the weight of womanly feeling and wisdom to bear directly upon the subject, is the same instinct which is moving them toward an equal voice, as they have an equally vital interest, in the conduct of human affairs.

NOTES.

The statement that Secretary Cox resigned for what are called personal or pecuniary reasons is untrue, and nothing can be gained by its vehement repetition. He resigned because those who wish to make the department a mere political machine were able to annoy him to a degree detrimental to the public service and to his own self-respect and convictions of official duty. The retirement of the Secretary, like that of Judge Hoar, is another eloquent protest against the present perilous system of the civil service—a system to which both parties cling because it is founded upon patronage, but which is a calamity to the country. The perplexity of the President, who is comparatively unfamiliar with politicians, and with the established conditions of party ascendency and control, must be, of course, very great, and the duty of the Republican press to advise frankly upon every question of party management is all the more imperative.

The latest accounts from Europe before our paper closes indicate that a strong combined effort will be made by England, Austria, and Russia for an armistice in France, and with some probabilities in its favor. The Germans, of whose sagacity we have elsewhere spoken, see, of course, the disadvantage to them of a bombardment and serious injury of Paris. By the customs of war they will be entirely justified in demanding its surrender, and, upon a refusal, in proceeding to extremities. But the situation of France is so forlorn, and the interest of the world in Paris is so great, that there is a great deal of that sympathy for the country which always attends misfortune. Mr. Ruskin's letter is a fair illustration of this feeling. He says that France is a chaos, and that Germany is a superbly and nobly organized nation, but that it is pushing its victory too far. There is no reason in such a remark as the last, but it expresses a very general feeling. It is the consciousness of that feeling which has delayed the bombardment of Paris, and which makes an armistice possible.

In a recent speech to prove the purity of the elections in the city of New York, Mr. Horatio Seymour alluded to the draft in 1864, and spoke of "the sacredness of its purpose—the preservation of our Union." But at the beginning of the war with so sacred a purpose Mr. Seymour said substantially—and the saying was used against him with withering force by Daniel S. Dickinson—that the Union should be dissolved rather than that slavery should be abolished. Mr. Seymour's speech is intended, like the proclamation of Mr. Tweed's Mr. Hoffman when he was Mayor, to protect electoral frauds in the city of New York. Mr. Seymour's assertion of the purity of elections in this city is contradicted by the *World*, the editor of which says that he personally knew the shameless frauds by which Mr. A. Oakey Hall and Mr. William M. Tweed cut down Mr. Seymour's own vote here in 1868; and by Mr. Thomas J. Creamer, now of Tammany Hall, and then not of Tammany Hall, who said last winter in a speech in the State Senate, carefully reported in the *World*, that the electoral system in the city of New York was "as corrupt as hell." Mr. Seymour's smooth generalities will hardly stand against these positive assertions of his own party associates who live in the city, and are familiar with the Democratic methods here.

One of the late *facetiæ* in the morning papers was that General Banks, being advertised to deliver a lecture upon the European war, was at the last moment induced to withdraw, because his sympathies were known to be with the French, and ex-Governor Harriman, of New Hampshire, took his place. At first sight this news would be puzzling, as there is a tolerably free expression upon the subject by other gentlemen, and it is certainly difficult to see why General Banks should not say that he sympathizes with France, if such is the fact. But in the papers of the previous day it was announced that the General had just been renominated for Congress, and the unavoidable inference is, that there must be a large number of voters of German descent among his constituency. But the matter was clumsily managed. If he had been reported unwell, no ill consequences might have followed. But to announce authoritatively in the papers that he had strong French sympathies would seem to be as damaging as if he had said so in a lecture.

We are very glad to know that we misapprehended the action of the friends of Woman Suffrage in Massachusetts, and very sorry if we shall have led any reader into error. The representatives of the cause did not seek to traffic with either of the great party conventions, nor mean to make any bargain whatever. But before those conventions met the Woman Suffrage Convention resolved to vote for no candidate upon any ticket who was not favorable to the political equality of women. The Convention, however, did address a request to both of the other conventions, requesting the recognition of that equality as an act of justice. We learn that the friends of the cause among the Republicans in Massachusetts are entirely satisfied with what has been done, and the very imposing vote which "the woman resolution" received in the Republican Convention justifies the expectation that next year it may become a plank in the platform.

The paragraph in the *Pall Mall Gazette* insulting Senator Morton, our new Minister to England, of whose final acceptance, however, there are serious doubts, should be regarded as just what it is—the gibe of an ignorant and irresponsible writer. Certainly it should not be allowed to affect in any degree the feeling of Americans toward England. Our own press is free, and we know how loosely the falsest stories are often told by it about England and Englishmen, which are intended only to exasperate. There is no more popular Buncombe in this country than "digs" at England, and we are very sorry to say it. They are the expression of a dull and ignorant hostility; of the spirit which insists upon confounding our friends in that country with our enemies, and denouncing them all as selfish Britishers. Of course there are selfish Britishers, and we ought to pity them, and be thankful that there are no selfish Yankees; but, on the other hand, there are Englishmen who are our true and sturdy friends. They are a great and controlling party in England; and why do we apparently always insist upon forgetting them? It was the morning after the speech of Mr. Thomas Hughes in New York that the paragraph from the *Pall Mall* was published. His speech and the paragraph fairly illustrate the two Englands, which we must clearly comprehend before we can be just in our feelings toward that country.

Our friends the enemy are having a very rough passage with their charge against General Woodford of complicity in the slave-trade. Mr. Murray, the late United States Marshal for the district, asserts that when the General was a candidate for Lieutenant-Governor somebody from the *Tribune* called upon him, and asked him to keep still upon the subject, as Mr. Greeley had nominated General Woodford at the Syracuse Convention. The Mayor of the city asks Mr. Greeley if the messenger did not call at his request. To which Mr. Greeley answers, "No, Sir. Murray has lied to you if he has told you any thing of the sort, so far as we are concerned." Mr. Murray adds that he consented not to produce the evidence which would have so damaged General Woodford. But it does not follow, because he may have been asked to be silent, that the evidence was conclusive. It was enough that it would have made the same talk that it has now; and if a person came to the Marshal from the *Tribune* it was with the hope of keeping the discussion out of the canvass. That the evidence was necessarily fatal to General Woodford is entirely disproved by the fact that the whole subject was examined at the time by Judge Shipman and the Interior Department, and the General most honorably exonerated. Mr. Greeley, in another article, suggested that the secret of Mr. Murray's hostility to General Woodford is that, as Assistant District-Attorney, the General interfered with some of the Marshal's plans for enriching himself by prize captures. However this may be, the attack upon General Woodford has entirely failed.

FOREIGN NEWS.

MILITARY OPERATIONS IN FRANCE.

Up to the latest dates, by balloon from Paris (October 23), the general situation within the walls of that city had undergone no material change since the complete investment by the Prussians. It is reported that the people are calm and resolute. The manufacture of arms, especially of cannon, is pushed forward with great dispatch, and the volunteers and Moblots are drilled incessantly. Frequent sorties on the part of the garrison are reported. These seem to have no object but that of harassing the besiegers at their work, and accustoming the new soldiers to service, as the time has evidently not arrived for a serious attempt to raise the siege by a general attack from within the city. Provisions are said to be still plentiful, and all the unoccupied squares and pleasure-grounds in the city are planted with cabbage and cauliflower.

The fire from the French batteries is said to be so effective that the Prussians are unable to push their lines within bombarding distance of the city. The forts are manned by the best gunners in the world.

Reports from official and private sources show that bands of sharp-shooters, in all parts of the country occupied by the enemy, are becoming more and more effective, and cause much annoyance and damage on the German lines of communication.

Accounts in regard to the destruction of the château of St. Cloud are contradictory. The Berlin papers lay it to the French, and condemn it as an act of Vandalism. One French report says the château was destroyed to show the world that the Parisians would not hesitate to sacrifice every thing in the defense of their country, while another says it was fired by the Prussians to conceal their depredations. The inhabitants of the town of St. Cloud say that all the valuables and art treasures had disappeared before the fire broke out.

Four thousand French soldiers surrendered at Soissons October 15, and 132 cannon were among the spoils of the victors. The Prussian force released by this surrender is said to number 22,000 men. It will move against some others of the northern fortified places.

The defeat of the French before Orleans in the series of engagements commencing October 10, resulted in the capture and occupation of that city by the Prussians, who took 6000 prisoners. They also took all the clothing from shops and wine from cellars. The invaders are sweeping the valley of the Loire of cattle.

General Garibaldi has organized his command in the Vosges. It consists of three brigades, one of which is commanded by his son Menotti.

The efforts of General Burnside to negotiate a settlement between France and Prussia have failed. Count Von Bismarck's proposals, made through the American General, were said to be the payment of an indemnity of eighty millions sterling; Alsace and Lorraine to be neutral territory for ten years, and then to decide by a *plebiscitum* their future status; the Prussians to enter Paris, and sign a peace there. It is reported that M. Jules Favre considered these terms reasonable, but that the Parisians indignantly rejected them. Notwithstanding this failure, it is stated in a London dispatch of October 23 that the British embassadors at Tours and Berlin, in conjunction with those of Austria and Italy, were about to offer direct intervention for an armistice.

The German commander on the Loire has issued a proclamation declaring that the main condition of peace is the restitution of Alsace and Lorraine to Germany.

GENERAL FOREIGN ITEMS.

The Roman provinces are to be consolidated together, with five prefectures. The Italian Minister of Finance says the transfer of the capital to Rome is no longer doubtful, but it needs the sanction of Parliament.

The Catholic hierarchy of Great Britain have issued a protest against Italian occupation of Papal territory, and a movement for the interference of the British government is to be put in operation.

The Duke of Aosta, second son of the King of Italy, has been offered, and has accepted, the throne of Spain.

Late advices from China state that two Mandarins have been transported, and fifteen men beheaded for complicity in the Tien-tsin outrages. An embassy is preparing to go to France.

The steamship *Cambria*, of the Anchor line, which left this city October 8, for Glasgow, struck on Innishtrahuil Island, off the north coast of Ireland, on the 19th ult., and became a total wreck. A seaman who was picked up in a boat, in which also was the corpse of a young girl, states that four other boats left the wreck, but they had not been heard from at the date of the latest advices. His boat had been upset several times, and all but himself drowned.

An order has been issued by Captain-General De Rodas, of Cuba, liberating 2000 apprenticed negroes captured from slavers in 1855, 1856, and 1857.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

An earthquake occurred on the 20th ult., which appears to have passed from Ohio through New York, Lower Canada, and New England, to the coast. Distinct shocks were noticed at Cleveland (Ohio), Ithaca, Syracuse, and other places in the interior of this State, along the Hudson from Albany to this city, at Montreal and other Canada towns, and throughout the New England States. It occurred at a few minutes past 11 o'clock, and lasted from half a minute to two minutes. At Montreal the shock was so severe that bells were rung in the public buildings, and judges precipitately left their rooms in the court-house. Chimney-tops were thrown down in Quebec, and the spire of St. Paul's Church, Toronto, was seen to sway back and forth. Throughout the Dominion the shock was quite distinct.

The President has appointed Thursday, the 24th of November, to be a day of Thanksgiving throughout the country.

A number of distinguished Japanese are in San Francisco; among them the Prince Imperial, heir-apparent to the throne.

Advices have been received in Toronto from Fort Garry, Manitoba, that small-pox was raging in that region of the West, and that the Indians were dying by thousands, and their corpses were scattered over the plains, filling the air with stench.

Several terrific hurricanes have recently swept over the Gulf of Mexico and the West Indian waters, attended with great loss of life and property. The coast of Florida is strewn with the wrecks of small sailing vessels, and one steamship, the *Mariposa*, plying between New York and New Orleans, is known to be lost with all on board. The Havana steamship *Morro Castle* encountered the hurricane on the 21st ult., while on her voyage to this city. The waves made a clear breach over the ship, and the captain was compelled to throw overboard the deck-load, consisting of 700 barrels of oranges. This was of material service, but the hurricane continued, and dashed the boats from the davits, tore the sails into atoms, carried away the sky-lights, binnacle, and every thing movable on deck, and, to make matters worse, damaged the paddle-wheel boxes, and filled the saloons with water. By the skillful seamanship of her experienced commander, Captain Richard Adams, the *Morro Castle* passed safely through the storm; and on arriving at this port the passengers published a card expressing their sense of his energy and good management.

FRENCH PRISONERS FROM SEDAN.—[See Page 711.]

Travel and Adventure.

PREPARED
EXPRESSLY FOR HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNEY THROUGH ICELAND.

CHAPTER V.

Off for Mount Hecla.—Deserted by the Guide.—An involuntary Halt.—Hospitable Reception.—A Conversation in Latin.—Strange Scene in a Church.—A Peasant Wedding.—Curious Marriage Customs.

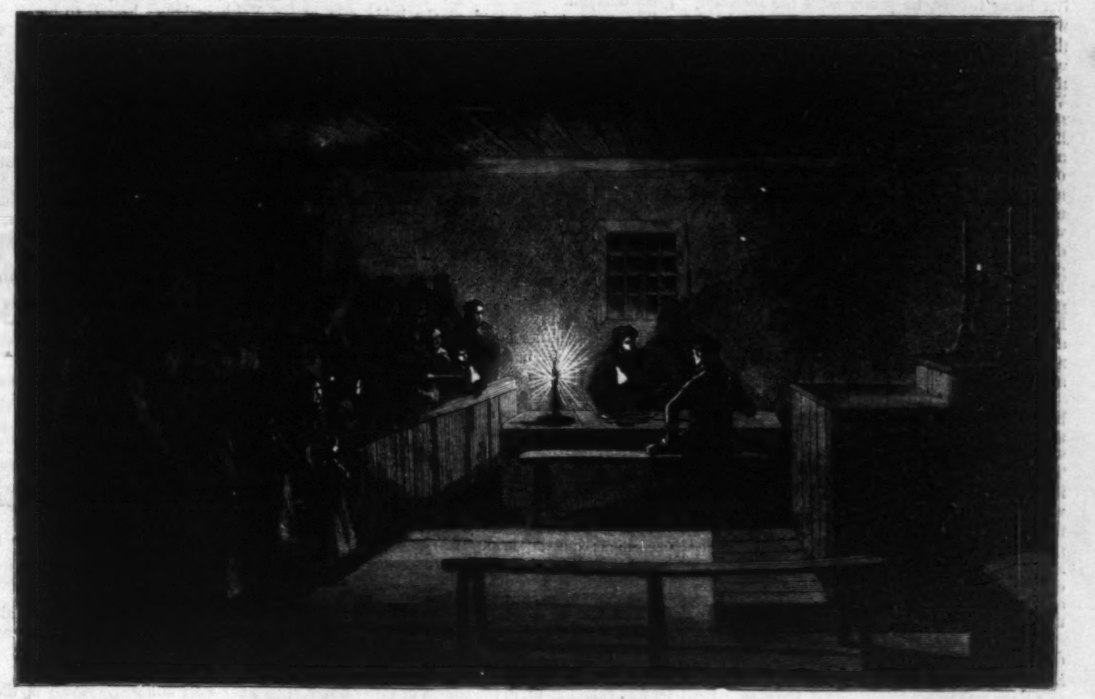
Leaving the wonderful plain of the geysers, described in the last chapter, M. Noël Nougaret, from whose interesting narrative these papers are prepared, continued his journey to Mount Hecla. This remarkable volcano is situated in the southwestern part of the island, and not many miles from the coast. The valleys which extend into this region from the sea have each its stream of water, fed by the copious rains which come from the condensation of the vapors that rise from the comparatively warm water carried thither from the Gulf Stream. This moisture causes the grass to grow wherever there is any soil; and the country is accordingly sparsely inhabited by peasants, who raise sheep and cattle and horses to the extent that the scanty vegetation will allow, though they derive their chief sustenance from the products of the sea.

Our traveler had been deserted by the guide which he had employed to conduct him to the region of the geysers, and left alone with the nine horses which constituted his "transportation." For on such expeditions as these it is necessary, it seems, to take one horse to carry the tent and its accessories, two more for provisions and baggage, and two saddle-horses—one for the guide, and one for the traveler himself. This makes five that are necessary for the actual work, and five more must be taken for a change, that the two sets may relieve each other, by bearing the burdens alternately during the progress of the journey, since no fresh horses can be obtained on the way to furnish relays.

Our traveler accordingly, after being thus deserted by his guide, proceeded to load his horses and prepare to continue his journey alone. He had an excellent map; for the Icelanders, though rude and simple in their manners, have attained to a much higher degree of cultivation than one would expect to find in so wild and inclement a region, and, in co-operation with the Danish government, they had constructed an excellent map of the country. On this map various little villages were laid down in the valleys which lay between the geysers and Hecla, at some of which he hoped to obtain a new guide.

The horses went on, as they were accustomed to do on such journeys, following each other in a long line, with their master at the head of it. They advanced in this way very steadily for some time, until they came to a hut, when they at once broke their ranks and began peaceably feeding upon the grass around it. They took it for granted, it seems, that there was to be a halt at every hut. There were dogs sleeping upon the top of the hut, which was roofed with turf, and had the appearance of a mound, with a rude opening for a door at one end, and presented a general appearance which might almost indicate that it was the abode of some wild animal.

The dogs received the traveler with a loud barking, which soon brought the only occupant of the hut, an old woman, to the door. Her husband was very probably at sea, fishing. It was theoretically night, though in the month of June, in these latitudes, there is no darkness at any hour. The woman, by pantomime, invited the stranger to come in and rest from his



SUPPER IN THE CHURCH.

AN INVOLUNTARY HALT.

MOUNT HECLA, FROM NEAR THE SUMMIT.

journey. He declined this invitation, as he wished to go to a certain village some miles farther on; but being thirsty, he pronounced the Icelandic word *melk*, which was one of the few words of the language which he had in his very limited vocabulary. The woman immediately went into the hut, and brought out some milk in a calabash. When M. Nougaret had drunk he handed back the bowl to the woman, and she took a drink herself, as required by the rites of hospitality in such cases, as understood in Iceland. He then offered her some pieces of Danish money, but she declined receiving any compensation. He then took from his pocket a kind of shawl-pin, with a large head spangled with gilded stars, and offered it to her. She received this gift with great apparent surprise and gratitude; and then M. Nougaret, gathering his troop of horses together again, went on his way, the animals following him in a line along the narrow, rough, and devious track which constitutes the only road, with a docility and steadiness quite characteristic of well-trained Iceland ponies.

It was about midnight, though there was a bright sunset light diffused over the sky, when the traveler arrived at his place of destination, which was a point designated on the map as Thorfastather. It was a little hamlet, consisting, like others of its class scattered among these valleys, of a plain wooden church, twenty by thirty feet in dimensions, built upon the rocks, and with a turf-covered hut, forming the parsonage, near it. Sometimes there are also in these cases a few other similar huts, occupied by peasants, near by. A small burying-ground is also usually seen near, filled with turf-covered graves.

Our traveler approached the hut, which he deemed to be the residence of the minister, and knocked at a window which occupied the bottom of a deep embrasure by the side of the door. He was answered by a vociferous barking of dogs from the roof and from the interior of the house.

Presently the minister himself appeared at the door. He was a small man, was wrapped in a long black coat or gown, and his face was nearly concealed above by the vizor of a cap which he wore, and by his beard below. Behind him, in a narrow passage-way, were seen a crowd of women and children, who had risen hastily, it seems, and pressed forward to see who had come.

The traveler accosted the minister in Latin, and succeeded finally in explaining to him in that language—though with some difficulty, on account of the difference of pronunciation—who he was, and wherefore he had come. As soon as the case was understood the whole family seemed greatly pleased with the arrival of their visitor, and all united in giving him a most cordial and affectionate reception, as if he had been an old friend.

It seems, according to the statement of our author, that these solitary churches are not exclusively devoted to purposes of religious worship, but are called upon to fulfill various other functions, especially those connected with the rites of hospitality. In this case the traveler was at once conducted to the church, and preparations were made for his accommodation there, while the minister's wife, in order to make room for his effects, began to take away the various articles of clothing for her family which had been kept there. A supper was soon prepared for him, the table being set in the open space near the pulpit, and the minister himself keeping him company while he was eating it, while all the household, together with some of the neighbors, assembled as spectators in the pews.

After supper the table was cleared, and a bed was made up in the place of it. When all was ready the family and the visitors withdrew, and the traveler, after smoking his cigar, went to bed, and occupied himself for a time, before he went to sleep, in looking through a window near his bed at the flowers blooming in the church-yard, and musing on the singularity of his situation, until at length he fell asleep.

When he awoke the sun had of course been up for a long time, rising as it does in this latitude and at this season soon after midnight. When he opened the church door he found that all the family of the minister were at work in the fields around, gathering the scanty crop of hay which their grounds produced. They left their work, however, when he appeared, and came to bid him good-morning. The minister had told him the evening before that there was to be a wedding among them the next day, and had invited him to stay and attend it, which he had promised to do. He wondered which of the young women was to be the bride, but could not determine the question. He had some presents which he intended to bring forward, and thought it would be proper to make some distinction, in the distribution of them, in favor of the bride, if he could ascertain who she was; but he could obtain no clew.

So after breakfast he brought forward his presents, and commenced the distribution of them. They consisted of dolls gayly dressed, rings and bracelets of imitation jewelry, rolls of narrow ribbons, and jumping-jacks—hideous-looking images made to spring up out of a box when the lid was opened. The surprise and pleasure which the display of these objects occasioned to all, both old and young, were unbounded. The jumping-jacks he had intended for the little children, but the old people were so delighted with them that they took possession of them themselves with the utmost eagerness and delight.

As for the ribbons, they were given to the girls, in the expectation that *they* would be particularly pleased with them; but they did not seem to know what to make of them. They unrolled them, and then examined curiously the round blocks on which they had been wound. Their perplexity was not removed until M. Nougaret himself took down a lock of hair from the head of one of the young girls, and adorned the end of it with a knot which he formed from one of the gayest of the ribbons. This delighted them all exceedingly, and the ribbons were at once in great demand.

The mystery in regard to the bride was at length explained. She was not then at home, but had been living with her husband already, at his house, for nearly a year. The writer makes the extraordinary statement that, among these simple-minded people, when two young persons agree to take each other as husband and wife, the essential thing to constitute the marriage is that they should so agree, and at once establish the relation by beginning to live together. The marriage ceremony is a matter of form, important enough, it is true, but in regard to which there is no necessity for any special haste. Any time before or about the time that the first child is born is deemed sufficient. The young couple whose marriage was about to be solemnized in this instance was a case of this kind. They had been living together in their own home, at some miles distant, for nearly a year. And now the marriage ceremony was to be performed.

A long cavalcade was formed, and the whole company went forth to meet the bridegroom and bride. When they reached the place of meeting the bridal pair were escorted back to the church, and the ceremony proceeded. The service was duly performed, our traveler standing as one of the groomsmen. When the service was over the party engaged in the usual rejoicings on such occasions; but the bride soon retired, and not long after M. Nougaret was called to attend her in his capacity of medical man. In the morning it was announced that a child was born, and that it was decided to proceed at once to the baptism of the new-comer, and M. Nougaret was requested to stand as godfather. And thus, as he says in the conclusion of his narrative of this affair, he was called upon, in the course of thirty hours, to act in the capacity of ladies' hair-dresser, groomsman, physician, and godfather.

TO BE CONTINUED.

ONE EVENING.

FAITH polished the last tea-cup, counted the spoons, brushed a little lint from one of the tumblers, and then, arranging them upon the closet shelf to her entire satisfaction, closed the door upon them with an air of relief. Then she straightened the crumb-cloth, spread the crimson table-cover, placed the lamp upon it ready for lighting, and laid her father's daily paper beside it. This done, she went to the door and looked out.

It had been a sultry summer day. The heated air in the meadow had seemed to vibrate visibly; and the cows had stood all day knee-deep in the water lazily brushing away the flies, and browsing the thick herbage upon the bank, and the tender shoots of the overhanging willows. Faith was tired. The children had been troublesome; and her young step-mother—herself only ten years older than this girl of eighteen of whom I am writing—had had a headache. To tell the truth, she always had one—or some other ache—whenever it was hot, or the children were cross, or any unpleasant domestic exigencies arose. Miss Ophelia might have pronounced her "shiftless." She declared herself a martyr to feebleness and to her nerves.

But now the sun was lying low in the west; a bright breeze was dimpling the river, and the tree-tops nodded and beckoned invitingly. Tom and Janet would not want to go to bed for an hour, and Faith caught her little white sun-bonnet from the peg behind the door. She wanted to be alone for a while, to be free, to think her own thoughts, and to open her heart to the sweet ministries of nature. She needed rest and medicine such as she could find nowhere else. No. I am not speaking at random. I mean just what I say—such as she could find nowhere else. God reaches a young girl's heart more nearly through his woods, his flowers, his dews, his stars, his sacred solitudes, his holy calms than through the lore of books, or even the revelations of his Word. These things touch it as with a human tenderness, and the closed doors fly open at their approach.

She had just got to the gate.

"Faith! Faith! Tom says he wants to go to bed," called Mrs. Harris. "Come and get him. He is driving me crazy."

Faith went back to the house, and hung up her bonnet again, casting one lingering glance at the cool, leafy recesses beyond the river.

"You will not go to sleep yet, Tom," she said. "It is a whole hour before your bedtime. Where's Janet?"

But Miss Janet was not ready to go to bed. She was slowly shaking the saw-dust out of her dolly, sitting with her face to the wall in a dark corner.

"Oh! leave Janet for the present," said Mrs. Harris. "She's quiet enough, and I'll send her up by-and-by. If Tom doesn't want to go to sleep just yet, you can tell him stories."

Tell him stories! Faith knew just what that meant. She repeated "Mother Goose," and the "House that Jack Built," and "London Bridge," and "Who Killed Cock Robin?" until her head swam. Then she began with "Noah's Ark," and went straight through to "Malachi." But all to no purpose. The great brown eyes still looked at her unwearyingly from over the low foot-board, and the persistent little voice still pounced upon every omission, and demanded the correction of every blunder.

"Ah, Tom!" she cried at last; "I knew you were not sleepy—and I am so tired! Do be a good boy now, and let me go down stairs. You can go to sleep without me if you have a mind."

"No, I ain't a-going to sleep for ever so long," said Master Tommy, kicking his feet against the wall. "Not for six or fourteen hours; and there's lots and lots of stories you've got to tell me! If you don't, I shall holler and holler, and that makes mamma's head ache."

Faith resigned herself to her fate, and began to improvise a fairy tale. That was at least better than ringing the changes any longer upon "As I was Going to Sell my Eggs," or "Little Jack Horner." But just then a lady and gentleman upon horseback swept by, the latter raising his eyes to the window as he passed, and then, lifting his hat with a smile, bowing until his dark hair nearly touched his horse's chestnut mane.

The color flashed to Faith's face, and for an instant she drew back and hid herself in the shadow of the curtain. Then, as the riders swept round the corner, and commenced a more leisurely ascent of the hill, she leaned forward and watched them—watched them with a look of pain and longing.

"What you stopping for, Faith?" came a voice from the bed. "Why don't you tell me what became of the princess? Did she ever find—"

"No," cried Faith, suddenly, "she never found what she was looking for, never, never! Oh, Tom, Tom! do let me be! I can't tell you any more stories to-night."

"But you must, you see; because if you don't I shall cry and scream and get sick, and then—"

Faith rose in her desperation and went up to the bed.

"Tom Harris, you will do no such thing; and I shall not tell you another story this night. Do you just turn over and go to sleep, or I shall go straight down stairs."

Astonished out of his wits, for Faith had never so dealt with him before, Tom turned quietly to the wall and said never a word. Faith went back to the window.

They were still going slowly up the hill—slowly, like those to whom the present moment is golden, and who would prolong its sheen. The lady was young, only a year or two older than Faith, probably, and very beautiful; so beautiful that the child who sat cowering there behind the window-curtain gazed at her with a strange sinking of heart; for the gentleman who rode by her side was—Kenneth Marston.

As they reached the brow of the hill they reined in their steeds, and Faith knew by the wave of Kenneth's hand that he was pointing out to his companion all that was worth seeing in the valley below—the wide sweep of the hills, the uplifting of the mountain peaks, the glories of earth and air and sky. She knew just how his eye dilated, how his form seemed to expand, how his voice grew deeper and tenderer. There was the sting of it.

But how could he help it? How could Faith help it that this beautiful, cultured, graceful woman had dropped down, out of the clouds, as it were, and for three or four weeks had sat beside him at the board, walked with him in the dim old woods, read with him out of the selfsame book, rode with him over the hills and through the valleys, and knelt by his side in the same pew on Sunday? No one was to blame; but that did not make it any easier.

Faith looked at her as she sat there on her white horse, outlined against the sky, with her dark blue drapery falling in graceful folds. She was not so far off but that it was easy to see how "her wavy hair, so wondrous fair, was with the sunset glowing;" and how white were the little ungloved hands that were fastening back some stray tresses that had become loosened by the rapid motion.

Poor Faith! "There is such a difference in people," she sighed, as the riders passed out of sight. "Now my dresses will never fall like that, every fold in the right place. If my hair comes down it will not wave and twist and coil itself until its disorder is prettier and more picturesque than another's painstaking. And just look at my hands!"

The sun went down, and the gray twilight crept over the earth. Janet came sleepily up stairs, holding dolly clasped to her heart, bottom upward, and scattering saw-dust all the way. Faith undressed her, and in two minutes she was in the land of Nod, to which place Tom had already betaken himself.

Faith was free now, for the baby was already asleep, and Mrs. Harris was reading the last magazine, undisturbed by nerves or headaches. But she had lost the desire for a walk. She wanted to think.

It was all over between her and Kenneth Marston. Of course it was. Or rather it had never been begun. Only she had thought—she had hoped—she had been sure—

But she did not blame him. Oh no! Why should she? Shall a man stoop to pick up a pebble when a diamond has fallen in his way? Shall he prick his fingers in attempting to pluck a wild sweet-brier when there is a moss-rose, dewy and fragrant, blooming at his feet?

Ah, Faith! Men have preferred sweet-briers to moss-roses. But you have not learned that yet.

She had always known she was not good enough for him. She had always wondered why he sought her companionship. He was so much wiser than she—he knew so much more of books and of the world. He had been—why, every where; and she had never been farther than Burlington in all her life. When she came home from her one year at Mrs. Worcester's school, which was all her father could afford, she had intended to do so much. There were her French books on the little shelf, and her Botany, and Ancient History, and Literature, and she meant to have gone on with them. She had come home with all a girl's eager ambition—her desire to do and to be. But she had washed dishes, and tended baby, and skimmed the milk, and put Tommy to bed, and darned stockings, and hemmed ruffling for Janet's aprons; and the French books were unopened, and she was forgetting who built St. Paul's, and in what year Shakspeare died. That was the end of it. Her time was all frittered away, and there was nothing to show for it.

Yet she had thought—she had really thought sometimes that Kenneth Marston loved her; and she had dreamed—she was ashamed of it now, but she acknowledged it bravely as she communed with her own heart, sitting there with her head buried in her arms—she had dreamed of a beautiful home with him, where her innocent tastes and fancies might find free indulgence, and where a gentle, guiding hand would lead her in the flowery paths she loved. And now the dream was over. She had awakened the first time she saw him and Judith Grant together, and she should never dream again.

If she could only go away somewhere and do something!—teach, or make bonnets, or go into a shop, or keep books, she did not care what—any thing that would take her out of herself, and open a new life for her. But there was no escape. She must just stay there and listen to her mother's complaints, and tell stories to Tommy, and mend Janet's doll, and grow old and homely and fretful, maybe! That was the worst of it. To feel that she was growing down rather than up. Dwarfing herself, when she had so longed to grow to the full stature of a perfect womanhood.

She stopped thinking for a moment and listened. There was a strange, preternatural hush abroad—a portentous silence that startled her. She raised her head. The soft, rosy tints had faded from the sky, and dense black clouds were gathering overhead. Presently window-blinds swung to with a crash at the other side of the house, and the trees swayed and bent before the couriers of the approaching tempest.

Faith went down stairs to close the windows and fasten the doors. Just as she did so a heavy peal of thunder rattled overhead, and lightning seemed to dart from every quarter of the heavens. This little girl of ours was physically brave. She did not know the meaning of fine-lady tremors, or what it was to shrink from real or imaginary dangers. In her present mood she rather enjoyed this fierce convulsion of the elements, and deliberately seated herself upon the door-step to watch the progress of events. Not a drop of rain had fallen; but now the rumbling of the thunder was incessant, and the black clouds were rent and riven by the fierce forked lightning. At one moment the darkness was intense—the very blackness of the densest midnight; the next both earth and heaven were lit with a lurid glare that seemed to come straight from the regions of everlasting flame.

She had forgotten Kenneth Marston, forgotten Judith Grant, forgotten Faith Harris. Her thoughts had gone on the wings of the lightning to the uttermost parts of the earth. Man's voice is so small, so weak, when God speaks. But just then the sultry fires lit up the brow of the hill, and for one moment she beheld a vision.

A flying steed, white as the driven snow against that back-ground of ebony clouds, a mass of tossing drapery, a gleam of golden hair streaming out upon the night wind, a white face fixed in terror and despair, and two hands clutching the silvery mane.

Faith took it all in at a glance. She thought as the drowning think. A lifetime was condensed into one moment's space.

Straight down the hill came the frightened horse. At the bottom of it, if he kept the road, there was a short turn, sharp and sudden as a right angle. If he did not keep it, there was a deep ravine straight ahead, and stones at the bottom. Faith Harris knew that Judith Grant was riding right into the jaws of death either way. For one instant she clasped her hands over her eyes, as if to shut out some fearful sight, then she darted across the road as if borne on the wings of the wind.

She said afterward that she could not account for it—that it was like an inspiration; but that during that one moment of doubt or irresolution she seemed to see herself standing upon the smooth stump of a tree that had recently been cut down close to the road-side, with her left arm wound around a large sapling, an offshoot of the parent tree. That gave her the thought upon which she acted. In far less time than I have been writing this paragraph—in less time, perhaps, than you have been reading it—she had taken her position, and was awaiting Judith's approach.

On swept the horse. A second more and she shouted, standing there like a young pythoness upon the tripod, with the lightnings darting about her:

"Judith! Judith Grant! I can save you! Turn him this way!"

The sharp accents pierced the nearly deadened ears, and, looking up, the white-faced rider saw Faith almost within reach. Instinct rather than reason taught her to give a sudden pull upon the mare upon the side nearest to the stump. The horse swerved. Faith's arm was extended, and clasped Judith's waist; the steed rushed onward, and the two girls fell to the ground stunned and senseless.

A while afterward—Faith never knew how long—she sat up in the darkness. Her clothes were wet. The storm had spent its fury, and the moon was breaking through the clouds. At first she could not tell where she was or what had happened.

The girls had not fallen together. Judith, breaking from Faith's clasping arm, had dropped upon the side of the stump nearest the road. Faith, clinging to the little tree, had swayed around and fallen behind it. As she sat there now, trying to collect her senses, she heard footsteps and voices and the rumbling of wheels.

"Here she is, Mr. Gray," said Kenneth Marston's voice. "Oh, my God!"

Faith saw him drop upon his knees beside the

body that looked so like death as the dim rays of the lantern fell upon it. She saw him place his hand upon Judith's heart; she heard his murmured words of thanksgiving as he found that she yet lived; she saw him put the hair back from the forehead with a tender touch; she saw him stoop over and kiss the pale brow, ere he lifted the slight figure in his arms and bore it to Mr. Gray's carriage; she heard him speak a few low words, and there was something in his voice that she had never heard before.

The wheels rolled away in the distance, and Faith got up, went home, and to bed. She had saved a life—that was all; for the next day Judith's horse was found in the bottom of the ravine.

The next morning Faith was paler than usual, and there were dark circles about her eyes.

"Mother," she said, "if you are willing, I will put the baby in her carriage, and draw her up in the woods. I can sew just as well there as here, and—I can't breathe this morning."

Mrs. Harris looked at her in some surprise.

"Go, if you want to," she answered. "But I expect the baby'll get all stung up by the mosquitoes."

Faith went, nevertheless; and before long Kenneth Marston joined her. He did not speak at first, but held out his hand silently, and looked at the patient little face very much as one might look at a pictured saint.

At last he said:

"Where were you last night, Faith, when I found Judith and took her away?"

"I was—there," said Faith, hesitating, "on the other side of the stump."

"And you did not speak to me—would not let me thank you! Oh, Faith!"

She did not answer, but her face was hidden in her hands. He removed them with gentle violence, and held them close prisoners.

"Judith has told me all about it," he whispered. "How brave and noble you were, and how you saved her from certain death. You know where they found the horse?"

Faith nodded, shuddering.

"She wants to know you better," he went on. "She told me to bring you to her to-day, for she is not able to sit up, and she wants to thank and bless you."

Faith shook her head.

"You won't refuse, Faith. It is not like you—you who have given her her life. See, she has sent you this," he added, slipping a costly ring upon her finger as he spoke.

Faith drew it off and laid it in his hand again, while her face grew white as ashes.

"I do not wish to be paid for what I did," she said, while her lips trembled painfully.

"Paid! Faith, she never dreamed of such a thing. How could she? She sent the ring simply because she could not come to you herself. She said, 'It means less than my simplest word, Kenneth. But place it on her finger, and beg her to come to me.' She has the gentlest, truest heart, Faith. Do not misjudge her."

A shade of color had stolen back to Faith's face. But at these words it blanched again to the very lips.

"I can not wear your wife's ring," she said, presently, in a low, self-contained voice. "It is impossible. But tell her I am glad that I was able to be of service to her, and that I hope there are many years of happiness in store for you both."

"My wife—my wife's ring!" exclaimed the young man, detaining her as she was about to leave him. "My wife! Why, what do you mean, Faith?"

Her eyes flashed, then fell as they met his.

"I mean that I saved your wife's life last night, Kenneth Marston, and—I want to go home now. I am tired."

She looked so, poor child!

"But, Faith, *dear* Faith"—and he twined one arm about her waist, while he tried to turn her face toward him—"look at me and listen to me. Judith Grant and my brother Hal are to be married as soon as he comes back from South America. They have been engaged these two years. Did you not know it?"

What could our little Faith do but to shake her head, while the soft color went and came upon her cheek, and her heart fluttered beneath his hand like that of a frightened bird.

Kenneth Marston read the sweet face for an instant. Then clasping her closer, he kissed her lips.

"Faith, I love *you*, and you only!"

And the baby looked on in wide-eyed wonder.

ITALIAN PEASANTS.

A considerable number of the non-readers in Italy are good story-tellers and reciters of ballads, and some of them make what is called poetry on their own account. This is particularly the case in the south and in some of the central provinces, where education of a practical kind has (until recently) been much neglected. Where schools flourish, home philosophy, sometimes called mother-wit, is generally found to be on the decline. Old women lose their importance; old men look to their sons and daughters, and not to the priest, for instruction. No more peasants, brooding over the old classics, make a reputation as local poets; no more village sibyls thunder forth anathemas in blank verse, or lull their children, or their children's children, to sleep with cradle-songs in seventy or eighty verses, interspersed with Litanies and Ave Marias. To find such customs nowadays you must go to secluded spots, far away from the track of the schoolmaster; to romantic hills and valleys where the priest is still supreme; to villages suspended from the crags like eagles' nests, and supposed (but not proved) to have been built at the breaking up of the Roman empire by feudal chiefs or robbers, who were making war on their sovereign. It would almost appear as if poetry of a certain class can not exist in an enlightened age. Ivy looks best on a ruin; ballads do not flourish in an age of newspapers. Perhaps it is because ballads, being in one sense an inferior kind of newspaper, are driven out of the market by the real article. Look at education, what it is doing in Italy; how it is breaking the soil (like a large steam plow), and preparing the country for a new harvest! But, in removing the rubbish and obstructions which beset its path, it removes many beautiful things; not alone the weeds of ignorance and superstition, but the wild flowers of tradition and poetry. And these are the sights which one sees in Italy in this year of grace; the lazaroni of Naples swept away, or forced to become honest members of society; the gondoliers of Venice reformed, and educated, and properly controlled by the authorities; the brigands of Calabria and the Roman States shot or imprisoned as convicts; the pifferari and wandering minstrels—poor peasants, with their wives and families, who used to sing so prettily at the way-side shrines and in front of the pictures of the Virgin Mary—sent to the reformatory or the work-house. But it is impossible not to regret some of the old customs and traditions which are being destroyed along with these errors and abuses.

Tuscany and Lombardy, as well as Naples and the Roman States, contain many of the secluded spots above alluded to, "spots" composed of villages, and even small towns, where newspapers are unknown, books a forbidden rarity, and candles (tallow, wax, and composite) highly esteemed as articles of religion. The peasantry of these places are still in the sixteenth century. Every man, woman, and child places his or her conscience in the hands of the local priest. Soul-money, or a tax on dead people, is levied, and paid with cheerfulness. Taxes are raised on sin, indulgences (or permission to sin) are bought and sold in secret, and people are taught that the wages of sin is not death, as stated in the Scriptures, but absolution and eternal life. The fact is, the Italian peasantry are the great bulwark of the Church of Rome. When these fall off the Pope may begin to despair; but so long as these remain faithful—that is to say, as long as they remain ignorant and superstitious—there will be no prospect of a change of tactics on the part of the priesthood, either as regards soul-money for the dead, or sin-money for the living, or the worship of graven images throughout the length and breadth of the land.

Among the most horrible of the superstitions of the peasantry is the belief in the advocacy of little children—babies, who die as soon as they are baptized, or as soon after baptism as is consistent with a belief in their entire innocence and purity. Children who die young are called "advocates," or avvocati, because they are said to go to heaven without passing into purgatory, and plead for their parents and relations at the right hand of God. Many old women (chiefly grandmothers), and not a few fathers and mothers, have been convicted of compassing the deaths of children, not wickedly or maliciously, but in a pious, God-fearing sort of way, in order to have "friends in heaven" when their time comes. Do not suppose that they murder the children. Nothing of the sort. They simply let them alone, and keep the doctor at a distance. If they are ill they say the hand of God is upon them. If friends interpose, and insist on something being done, they mutter a Latin prayer, and resign themselves to what they are pleased to call the "wishes of the Almighty." I have known cases where mothers have prayed that their innocent little children might die during illness, and cried bitterly when the coffin was being carried out of doors. But such cases are not frequent.

FRENCH PRISONERS FROM SEDAN.

The surrender of the splendid army of Marshal M'Mahon at Sedan, by order of the Emperor, was the most terrible military humiliation ever inflicted upon a great nation. Some of the ablest of the French generals have since declared that there was no necessity for it, and that, had their advice been followed, this stain upon French honor might have been averted. The picture which we give on page 708 shows a large detachment of prisoners, after the surrender, halting for refreshment under the guard of their Prussian captors.

FLIGHT OF FRENCH PEASANTS.

One of the saddest features of the war in France is the destruction of small villages by the Prussians. It is in some cases, perhaps, a "military necessity"—a phrase which, however, may be made to excuse every sort of military outrage—and in others an act of vengeance for the shooting of an officer or soldier by an exasperated peasant. More than a score of such villages, which a few weeks ago were the happy seats of quiet industry and rural comfort, have been given to the flames and totally destroyed. The illustration on page 712 will give our readers a vivid idea of the misery thus brought upon the peasantry, who are compelled to fly from their homes with what little they can carry away in their arms or in hand-carts. It is one of the worst effects of war that those who are least responsible for it are always the severest sufferers from its ravages. While Napoleon lives at ease in the luxurious Château of Wilhelmshöhe, served by King William's own chief of cuisine, his hapless subjects are driven out into the fields and highways from their blazing homes, to die of exposure and starvation.

THE NEW SUPERINTENDENT OF POLICE.

Mr. James Jackson Kelso, who has been promoted from the position of Chief of the Detective Office to that of Superintendent of the New York Police, is a native of this city. He was born in the Seventh Ward, October 31, 1835. His father, for whom he was named, was one of the best-known New York pilots, and highly respected by all who came in contact with him. The son, James, being a bright and intelligent lad, was given all the educational advantages which were within his father's means. In due time he graduated from Public School No. 7, and subsequently from the Free Academy. He then entered the great oil house of Josiah Macy & Sons as a clerk; but after a short time took a position in the Register's office, where he remained for several years, under Registers Doane and Miner, passing through the various grades to be Assistant-Deputy. He then left the office, and on the 23d of January, 1861, was appointed a patrolman of the Metropolitan Police. He did not, however, go upon post duty, but was assigned to the office of Chief Clerk Hawley, and placed in charge of the record of arrests. About a year later he was transferred to the detective office, then under charge of Captain John S. Young. He remained doing detective duty until the retirement of Captain Young, when he was placed in charge of the office, being made Sergeant April 9, 1869, and Captain on the 24th December, 1869.

Through all his police experience the new Superintendent was accounted a faithful and vigilant officer, and a shrewd, able, and successful detective. While in charge of the office he displayed administrative ability of a high order, and the training of his whole life has been such as to fit him admirably for the duties of the position to which he has been called. Personally he is said to be one of the most popular men in the Department, and he enters upon his new service with the confidence and good wishes of all parties. His portrait will be found on page 716

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

The proprietor of a forge, not remarkable for his correctness of language, but who by honest industry had realized a comfortable independence, being called on at a social meeting for a toast, gave, "Success to forgery!"

A fat French lady despairingly says: "I am so fat that I pray for a disappointment to make me thin. No sooner does the disappointment come than the mere expectation of growing thinner gives me such joy that I become fatter than ever."

A Connecticut fisherman one day baited his hook with a live frog. After patiently waiting some time for a bite, as he chatted with a friend, he found that his lively bait had swum ashore, and was sitting quietly on the rock by his side. He wound up his line and went home.

A thin, cadaverous-looking German, about fifty years of age, entered the office of a health-insurance company in Philadelphia the other day, and inquired: "Ish de man in vat inshures de beople's helts?" The agent politely answered, "I attend to that business, Sir." "Vell, I vant my helts inshured; vot you charge?" "Different prices," answered the agent; "from three to ten dollars a year; pay ten dollars a year and you get ten dollars a week in case of sickness." "Vell," said Mynheer, "I vants ten dollars vort." The agent inquired his state of health. "Vell, I ish sick all de time. I's shust out te bed two, tree hours a tay, and te doctor says he can't do noting more goot for me." "If that's the state of your health," returned the agent, "we can't insure it. We only insure persons who are in good health." At this Mynheer bristled up in great anger. "You must tink I's a pig fool! Vot! you tink I come pay you ten dollars for inshure my helt ven I vas vell!"

Appropriate Place for Good Pork—On the Rhine.

In Chicago they define a miser as a "philanthropist who, knowing money to be the root of all evil, sacrifices himself for the good of his neighbor."

Bad Taste—Asafœtida.

When are soldiers like writers for the press?—When they charge by the column.

An old "stager" of Salem was compelled by his worthy spouse to "join the cold water army," which he did, promising never to touch a drop except in sickness. He has never been well since.

The sign of a pork-butcher in a French provincial city reads, "Batta, Jun., slaughters hogs like his father."

An apprentice, one day, after dinner, deliberately stepped up to his master and asked him what he valued his services at per day. "About sixpence," said his master. "Well, then," said the boy, putting his hand into his pocket and drawing out some coppers, "here's threepence; I'm off on the spree."

A ridiculous story is going the rounds of the country that Mr. Bergh had a young woman arrested the other day for beating an egg.

A Michigan census-taker came across a man who had been married five years, but had never inquired his wife's Christian name. He always called her "Say!"

"If wimin was Tu vote, wudn't every wun on em Go jest contrary tu them wat was their husbands and Lords? I put it tu ye, wudn't my Wife deborah (for wun) take a sort of Haughty pride in heavin in a vote wat shude kounter-ballance & make void (& without no effeckt) the ballot wat I had Gin in, & wat I knew was a Goin tu save the kuntry from Ruin and kaos? I ask, wudn't she do it, even if i stude ovur her Kolossal form, & was fetchin my Eye to bear on her every movement, all The while? i tell ye she Wud."

There is a poor fellow in Bangor, Maine, who says "it's working between meals that's killing him."

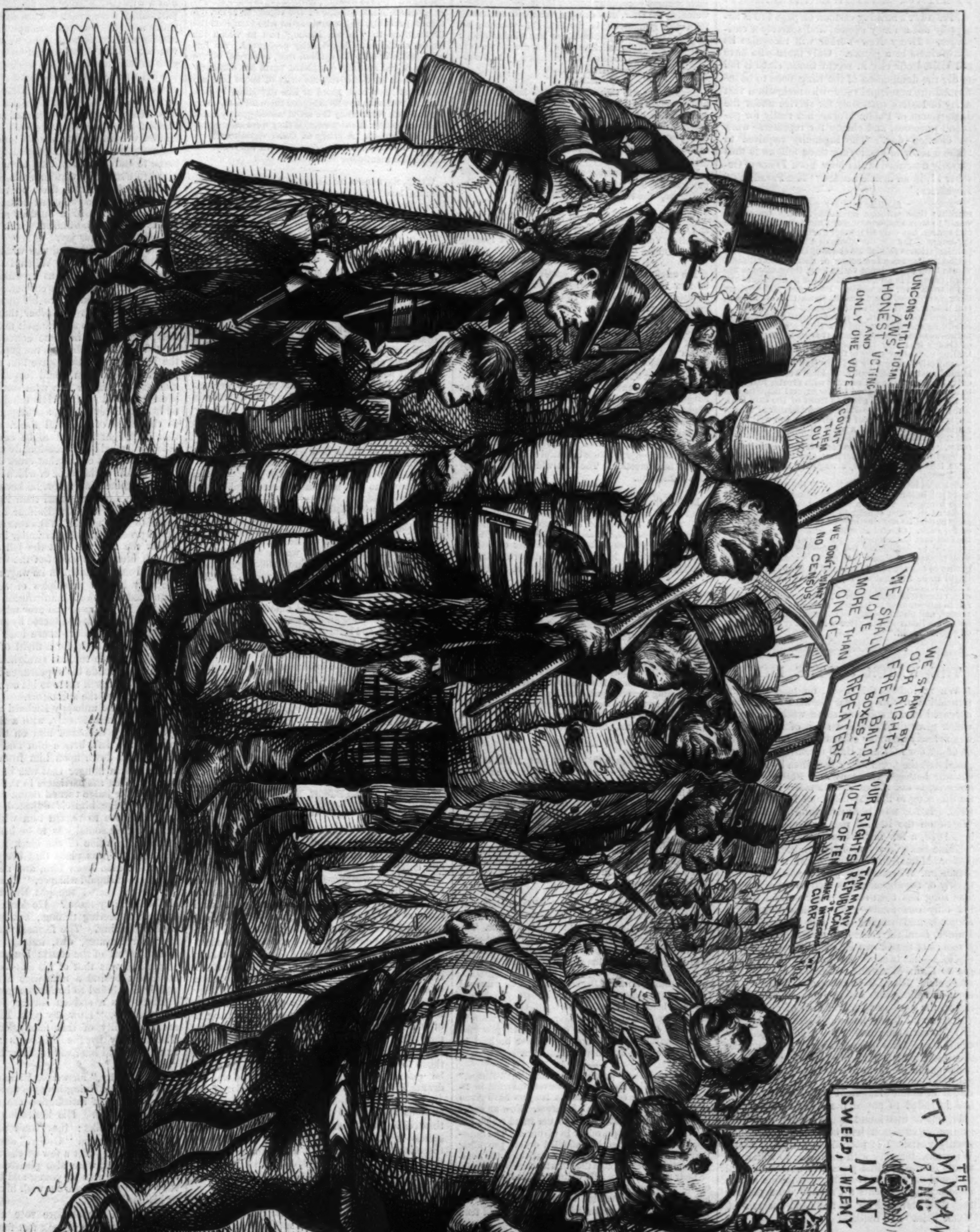
PEEPS AT PARIS.

LIGHTING THE BEACON.

THE LAST OUT.
(Not Popular among the Prussians.)

THE PRUSSIAN CHORUS.
"Up in der Balloon, Boys; Up in der Balloon."

FLIGHT OF FRENCH PEASANTS.—[See Page 711.]



OUR MODERN FALSTAFF REVIEWING HIS ARMY.—[SEE PAGE 714.]

FALSTAFF.—My whole charge consists of slaves as ragged as Lazarus, and such as indeed were never soldiers, but discarded serving-men and revolted tapsters. No eye hath seen such scarecrows. Nay and the villains march wide between the legs, as if they had fetters on; for, indeed, I had the most of them out of prison.—*Shakespeare, slightly varied.*

FALSTAFF REVIEWING HIS ARMY.

MR. NAST's striking cartoon on page 713 is unhappily not a fancy sketch, and scarcely a caricature. Every New Yorker will recognize its truthfulness at a glance. Only those who have not visited our city in recent times, since it fell under the domination of the Ring, need to be informed the municipal authorities maintain a vast army of loafers, ostensibly for service under the Department of Public Works, but really for political purposes, and chiefly for repeaters' work on election-day. The ingenuity required to make a show of employing these fellows is thus cleverly described in the New York *Times* of October 11, in an article headed "The Paradise of Repeaters:"

"There is a familiar military movement known as marking time without advancing. Any body who wants to see a similar process conducted with pickaxes and spades, has only to inspect during the usual working-hours of the day the labors of a body of the Ring's political friends amidst the chaos of the City Hall Park. Here may be seen a few scores of naturalized citizens, whose term of residence varies from three months upward, engaged in an honest endeavor to distribute one day's work over six weeks. Poets and philosophers have complained since remote times that art is long, and time is short. The city workmen find that time is long, and work is short. The most indifferent on-looker will be surprised to find how little a spade may, by judicious management, be made to carry. The amount of energy that may be expended by eight men in retarding each other's efforts to fill a cart will dawn upon the reflective lounger by the City Hall like a new revelation in natural philosophy. Falstaff's celebrated Coventry Regiment was not selected with greater judgment than are the men assigned to the several departments of the great industrial effort in front of the City Hall. The subordinates of the Chief Commissioner of Works know the requirements of the situation too well to organize their force with a view to getting the work quickly finished. Election-day, with its varied necessities, will find each of these patriots resolved to record at least five votes for HOFFMAN, and the glorious régime that gives a fair day's wage for no appreciable day's work.

At stated intervals during the day the working corps is ranged in line, and the process of calling the roll is gone through. We have been unable to discover the cause of so much solicitude lest any of the precious gang should be straying beyond the charmed precincts of the Park. Careful attention, however, might reveal the fact that the frequent repetition of the ceremony is intended to familiarize the employés of MR. TWEED with the various aliases they are expected to be shortly able to answer to. 'Learn not to labor, but to loaf,' ought to be the motto adopted in the Department of Public Works. The shining example which it presents of a successful application of this principle can not fail to add another to its many claims to public remembrance, and ought to help to bring out in stronger relief some items of the price we pay for our existing city government."

THE WATCH ON THE RHINE.

WE reproduce this week, on page 717, the translation of this popular German song which appeared in our columns some weeks ago, and which gives the force and spirit of the original more closely than any other version that has fallen under our notice. Until recently it was supposed that the poem was called forth by the present war between Germany and France. This, however, is not the case. Germany is indebted for this song to the war-whoop of M. THIERS in 1840. It has now been ascertained that "The Watch on the Rhine" was written in November, 1840, a few months later than the famous "Rhine-Song," by NICOLAUS BECKER; and its author, MAX SCHNECKENBURGER, a native of Thalheim, Würtemberg, who, a young man of twenty or twenty-one, was then living at Berne. The song has been set to music several times; but only one tune—the one now universally adopted, and ringing through Germany and France, from the coast fires on the Baltic to the bivouacs of the Crown Prince of Prussia beyond Châlons—has become popular. It owes its origin to KARL WILHELM, formerly Capellmeister at Crefeld, Rhenish Prussia, and dates as far back as some years before 1850. KARL WILHELM, the composer, now a man of about fifty years, is still living (although sick and in poverty), to earn the fruits of the sudden popularity of his tune. His name is on every tongue, the illustrated papers give his portrait, public subscriptions in his favor are successfully going on, and the Queen of Prussia has sent him a golden medal in acknowledgment of his merits. She had intended to confer the same honor on the poet, but it was found upon inquiry that poor SCHNECKENBURGER had been dead more than twenty years. His portrait and that of KARL WILHELM, together with the music to which the words of this spirited poem are now sung, will be found on page 717. The picturesque sketch underneath represents a Prussian band playing this truly national air at the head-quarters of "Our Fritz" in France.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE brilliant autumn foliage, a crowning glory of October, has been unusually beautiful in some sections this season. Walking or driving in the country, traveling by rail or by boat, the gayly painted leaves of the maple, oak, and of scores of other forest trees, are seen mingling in fine contrast with evergreens and wild twining vines. It seems really to be regretted that in the balmy October days, so mellow with soft sunshine, or even during the delicious Indian summer of November, most of the day-boats, which make bay and river lively in midsummer, should be suspended. True, one great tide of travel is stayed; but the mere summer tourist never dreams of the beauties Nature unfolds to those who journey after autumn's hue has tinged the landscape. A sail up the Hudson on one of the steamers which still leave the city late in the afternoon, or a mid-day excursion on one of the little boats plying between various points on the river, gives an enchanting view of that far-famed scenery. The Highlands must be seen in their fall wrappings to be appreciated—not even in their fresh green June robes are Storm-King and Break-Neck more attractive than when enfolded in their coats of many colors. What matter if the sunshine often disappears, and heavy shadows fall upon the mountain's brow? The gathering clouds are grand, and, perchance, the big drops that burst from them may throw a rainbow over the scene. Watching the ever-varying clouds, which with their changes beautifully change the mountains also—watching the river, now densely white with encircling fogs, now glimmering in the sunlight—watching all the bright landscape, which alters like a kaleidoscope under the eye—the delicious days pass dreamily away, leaving the mind touched and softened by that subduing influence peculiar to autumn.

Rumors are rife that several artists have been prohibited access to the picture-galleries in the Vatican, in consequence of their having taken part in the late popular demonstrations at Rome. The Italian Liberals protest against this, and declare that the galleries of the Vatican must be regarded as national property.

M. Ollivier is preparing a work in two volumes for publication. The first volume will bear the title, "The Plébiscite," the second that of "The War."

Curious, if true, is the report that, while Jules Favre and Count Bismarck were trying to find a basis of negotiation, Von Moltke was seated in a corner reading "Little Dorrit."

The origin of the word *Silhouette* is curious, and may be new to our readers. M. Silhouette was Finance Minister to Louis XV. in 1757. An economist, he made large reforms in the revenue, till, touching the personal outlay of the king, he was dismissed. This made him the most popular man in France. Every thing cheap was *à la Silhouette*, and the black profiles which just then came into vogue have preserved the name to the present time. Among the artists who have in recent times adopted this style of illustration, Konewka has exhibited the finest skill and purest imagination. His illustrations to the "Midsummer Night's Dream" are exquisite creations, delicate and airy, as befitted the play. Konewka has also illustrated Goethe's "Faust" in the same manner. The book will shortly be published by Roberts Brothers, of Boston, in the style of their beautiful edition of Shakspeare's fairy creation. The text will be that of Taylor's translation.

During the first twenty days after the commencement of the war 151,000 Prussians passed through Berlin. They were furnished by the committee with ordinary refreshments, and also with 5100 bottles of wine, 110,000 large glasses of beer, 2300 bottles of seltzer-water, 430 bottles lemonade, 64 bottles of Jamaica rum, 228,600 cigars, and 20,500 packages of tobacco.

The arrangements made by government for observing the condition of the atmosphere, and reporting the approach of storms, will be most useful. It is the design so to locate the stations of observation that, the existence of a storm at any place being ascertained, information of it may be communicated by telegraph in advance of its probable movement. Whenever experience has certainly determined what may be regarded for any section of the country as premonitions of approaching storms, signal-stations will be established as quickly as the necessary arrangements can be made, and signals will be displayed, announcing the probable approach, with other information which may be possible.

It is a curious fact that every person thinks that there is no danger of musket, revolver, or any fire-arm discharging itself unawares in *his* hands. Moreover, he is always certain that *his* gun is left in a safe place, and is unloaded when not about to be used. Yet accidents are constantly occurring. The other day, in Williamsburg, a little boy of seven years old found a loaded musket belonging to an elder brother. While playing with it he discharged it by some means, sending a bullet through the head of his little brother only four years old, and killing him instantly. Such a sad tale needs no comment.

The London firemen have received false alarms of fires in consequence of the aurora borealis, which has appeared several times within the past few weeks. The aurora has been very brilliant in this country also; but, in general, our people can see enough of the sky to distinguish between the aurora and a fire.

The banking-house of Drexel, Harjes, & Co. removed from Paris to Geneva some little time ago. They were the only bankers at Paris who continued to pay out the full amount of gold to their customers, without premium, during the trying epoch which preceded their removal; and the house will ever be held in honorable esteem by American travelers.

"Divorce without publicity, and for a small charge," is a notice which has been extensively inserted in Illinois papers. A certain class of lawyers have given attention to this business *ad libitum*. Now an effort is being made to put an end to the fraud which has been so notoriously prevalent in divorces. The Superior Court of Chicago has adopted orders providing that in all divorce suits hereafter instituted the complainants must either sign the bill with their own hands, or their solicitors must file written authority with the clerk before the decree can be taken. Moreover, if any advertisements of the kind referred to appear in the papers, such lawful action will be taken as will tend to prevent its repetition.

One of our daily newspapers has commenced the regular announcement of divorces in its columns. "Married," "Divorced," "Died," is the order in which these important particulars appear.

Over six thousand emigrants landed in New York during the week ending October 16. Among these were one hundred and twenty Swedes, who are to form a colony near Grand Rapids, Michigan.

The long-continued bombardment of Strasbourg resulted in much destruction of life among the civil population, as well as among the garrison. The library, also, which contained many rare and ancient books, was entirely destroyed. A large picture-gallery and the principal theatre were laid in ruins.

Since the death of Charles Dickens the statement has frequently been made that the author left no clew to the unfolding of the "Mystery of Edwin Drood," and that nothing could be given to the curious reader beyond this fragment of a story apparently most skillfully plotted, and so remarkably broken off. This does not seem quite correct. Although no written notes have been found suggesting the further developments of the tale, or the solution of the "mystery," and any attempt to complete it by a different hand would have been unwelcome to the public, yet some authentic indications appear to exist of the turn Mr. Dickens intended to give the story, and these should be furnished to the readers of the fragment. Accompanying the edition of "Edwin Drood" published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers is a fac-simile of the vignetted cover, designed, probably, by the same artist who furnished the illustrations to "Edwin Drood," and in which the course of the story is evidently prefigured. An English reviewer is of the opinion that, as several of the scenes in the actually completed parts are distinctly represented on the cover, the drift of those that are not must have been more or less explained by Mr. Dickens to the artist who designed them for him. Any instructions received by the artist would greatly assist the imagination of the reader, if they were only added to the fragment. A study of these vignettes is extremely interesting, in connection with the story. S. L. Fildes is mentioned as the artist.

Worth, the famous man-milliner, removed his establishment some time ago from Paris to London. Many ladies, fearing that silks and velvets will attain a fabulous price in the near future, are purchasing to an extravagant amount.

A novel surgical operation was recently performed upon General Kilpatrick, our late Minister to Chili. For two years past he has been suffering from a swelling in the neck. He found himself obliged to return to this country for medical advice. Physicians decided that he was suffering from a tumor, and an electric operation was decided upon. At that time the tumor protruded outwardly as large as a hen's egg. Inwardly it was much larger, crowding the windpipe half an inch over to the left, making the effort to talk and eat very difficult and painful.

General Kilpatrick was placed under the influence of ether. Four large-sized darning-needles were inserted in the tumor. A powerful electric battery was then applied in full force to the needles. When the needles were removed the patient remained quiet under the influence of the ether. In half an hour the outward swelling began to diminish, and soon disappeared entirely. When General Kilpatrick recovered consciousness he complained of severe pain in neck and throat, but the "great lump" had gone. The operation seems to have been entirely successful.

Dr. F. V. Hayden, United States geologist, recently visited Colorado for the purpose of examining the Georgetown silver mines, and the country adjacent. He is of the opinion that the next five years will develop an amount of mineral wealth that will place Colorado among the prominent bullion-producing States of the Union. At the Paris Exposition of 1867 the Colorado silver ores took the first prize.

A persistent adherence to the following rule is said to be an effectual cure for stammering: Keep the teeth close together, and before attempting to speak inspire deeply; then give time for quiet utterance, and after very slight practice the hesitation will be relieved. No spasmodic action of the lower jaw must be permitted to separate the teeth when speaking.

BRED IN THE BONE.

By the Author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Gwendoline's Harvest," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXIX.

IN THE COURT-HOUSE.

IT is proposed by some elevators of the public mind to make us all philosophers, and to abolish the morbid interest which mankind at present entertains in the issues of life and death. They hold it weakness that we should become excited by incident, or enthralled by mystery, and prophesy a future when intelligence shall reign supreme, to the extinction of the vulgar passion for sensation. In the mean time, however, the sympathetic hopes and fears of humanity remain pretty much as they have been within all living memory; and one of the greatest treats that can be provided for the popular palate is a criminal trial. There are many reasons why this should be the case; the courts of law are free, and a sight that can be seen for nothing is of itself attractive, since we are, at all events, not losing our time and money too. Again, the most popular drama, the most popular novel, are those to which the dénouements can not easily be guessed; and in the court-house we see drama and novel realized with the verdict of the jury and the sentence of the judge—a matter of anxious speculation to the very last. Where theatres and books are rare the passion for such scenes is proportionally stronger, and perhaps there is no periodical event which so deeply stirs the agricultural interest—speaking socially, and not politically—as the advent of the Judges of Assize.

At Cross Key, at all events, there was nothing else talked of for weeks beforehand; and the case which above all others was canvassed, and prejudged, and descanted upon over all sorts of boards—from the mahogany one in the dining-room at Cross Key Park to the deal tripod which held the pots and pipes at the road-side beer-house—was that of Richard Yorke, the young gentleman-painter, who had run away with old John Trevethick of Gethin's hoarded store. The rumor had got abroad that he had almost run away with his daughter also, and this intensified the interest immensely. The whole female population, from the high-sheriff's wife down to the woman who kept the apple-stall in the market-place, was agog to see this handsome young Lothario, and especially to hear the evidence of his (clandestinely) betrothed, who was known to have been subpœnaed for the defense.

There were innumerable biographies of the prisoner to be had for nothing. He was a nobleman in disguise; he was the illegitimate son of the prime minister; he was indirectly but immediately connected with royalty itself; he could speak every European language (except Polish), and painted landscapes like an angel; he had four thousand a year in land, only waiting for him to come of age, which carried with it half the representation of a Whig borough; he had not a penny in the world, but had hitherto supported himself in luxury by skillful forgeries; young as he was, he was a married man, and had a wife (three times his age) alive. All these particulars were insisted upon and denied forty times a day. The least scraps of trust-worthy intelligence concerning him were greedily devoured. The turnpike-man who had opened gate to let him through on the night he came to the jail was cross-examined as to his appearance and demeanor. The rural policeman of the district (who had never had a chance of seeing him) was treated to pots of ale, and suddenly found himself the best of company. The *Castle* at Gethin was thronged by local tourists, who, under pretense of being attracted by the scenery, came to stare at Harry, and, having seen her, returned to Cross Key with marvelous stories of her charms. As the time drew on the applications for admittance to the court-house made the life of the under-sheriff a burden, and caused the hearts of his subordinates (who got the half-crowns) to sing for joy.

The unhappy Richard was wholly ignorant of all this excitement. When he pictured the court-house to himself, as he often did, he only beheld a crowd of indifferent persons, who would pay no more attention to his own case than to that of Balfour, or any other that might follow or precede it. He saw himself taken out in custody, and carried in some conveyance, such as he had arrived in, through the gaping street; but the idea of that ordeal gave him no uneasiness. Those who saw him would forget him the next moment, or confuse him with some other in the same wretched plight. His mind always reverted from such reflections, as comparatively trivial, to the issue of the trial itself. Indeed, that thought might be said to be constant, though others intruded on it occasionally without obscuring it, like light clouds that cross the moon. As to the details of the scene of which he was about to be so prominent an actor, he knew nothing; for the warders never opened their lips to him, except officially, and Mr. Balfour had never happened to come to grief in the course of his professional practice in that particular locality before.

But the fact was that the jail of Cross Key, though situated in so out-of-the-way a spot, was a model establishment in its way, and built upon the very highest principles of architecture, as connected with the administration of the criminal law. No prisoner was ever taken out of it for trial at all, but was conducted by an underground passage into the court-house itself—indeed, into the very heart of it, for a flight of steps, with a trap-door at the top, led straight into the dock, in which he made his appearance like a Jack-in-the-box, but much more to his own astonishment than to that of the spectators.

Imagine the unhappy Richard thus confronted, wholly unexpectedly, with a thousand eager eyes! They devoured him on the right hand and on the left, before him and behind him; they looked down upon him from the galleries above with a hunger that was increased by distance. Even the barristers in the space between him and the judge turned round to gaze at him, and the judge himself adjusted his spectacles upon his nose to regard him with a searching look. Not a sound was to be heard except the monotonous voice of the clerk reading the indictment; it was plain that every one of that vast concourse knew him, and needed not that his neighbor should whisper, "That is he." Was his mother there? thought Richard, and above all, Was Harry there? He looked round once upon that peering throng; but he could catch sight of neither. The former, with a thick veil over her features, was, indeed, watching him from a corner of the court; but the only face he recognized was that of his attorney, seated immediately behind a man with a wig, whom he rightly concluded to be Mr. Sergeant Balais.

There was a sudden silence, following upon the question, "How say you, Richard Yorke, are you guilty of this felony, or not guilty?" The turnkey by the prisoner's side muttered harshly behind his hand, "They have called on you to plead."

"Not guilty," answered Richard, in a loud, firm voice, and fixing his eyes upon the judge.

A murmur of satisfaction ran softly through the court-house. His hesitation had alarmed the curious folks; they were afraid that he might have pleaded "Guilty," and robbed them of their treat. Not a few of them, and perhaps all the women, were also pleased upon his own account. He was so young and handsome that they could not choose but wish him well, and out of his peril.

Then Mr. Smoothbore rose, and was some time about it. He was six feet four inches high, and it seemed as though you would never see the last of him. ("Oh, Jerryusalem, upon wheels!" was the remark that Mr. Robert Balfour muttered to himself when some hours afterward *he* found himself confronted by the same gigantic counsel, instructed specially by the crown to prosecute so notorious a marauder.) The twelve men in the box opposite at once became all ear. Some leaned forward, as though to anticipate by the millionth of a second the silvery accents of Mr. Smoothbore; others leaned back with head aside, as though to concentrate their intelligence upon them; and the foreman held his head with both his hands, as though that portion of his person was not wholly under control, but might make some erratic twist, and thereby lose him some pregnant sentence. These honest men did not know Mr. Smoothbore, and thought (for the first five minutes) that they could sit and listen to him forever; before they had done with him they began to think that they should have to do it.

Far be it from us to emulate the prolixity with which the learned counsel set forth his case; it must be conceded that he did not hang over it; his words ran as smoothly as oil, and with perfect distinctness, and if any body missed his meaning, it was not for want of its being suffi-

ciently expressed. To a listener of average ability, however, he became insupportable by repetition, which is, unhappily, not exclusively "the vice of the pulpit." We will take care to avoid his error. It will be sufficient to say that when he had finished Richard stood accused not only of having stolen two thousand pounds from John Trevethick, but of having compassed that crime under circumstances of peculiar baseness. He had taken advantage of his superior education, manners, and appearance, to impose himself upon the honest Cornishman as the legitimate son of his landlord, and secured within that humble home a footing of familiarity, only the better to compass a scheme of villainy, which must have occurred to him at a very early period of their acquaintance. Indeed, Mr. Smoothbore hinted that the prisoner's profession of landscape-painting was a mere pretense and pretext, and that it was more than probable that, having heard by some means of Trevethick's hoard, he had come down to Gethin with the express intention of becoming possessed of it, which his accidental discovery of the secret of the letter padlock enabled him to do. In short, by artful innuendo at this or that part of the story, Richard was painted as a common thief, whose possession of such faculties as dexterity and *finesse* only made him a more dangerous enemy of society. There had been rumors, Mr. Smoothbore admitted, of certain romantic circumstances connected with the case, but he was instructed to say that they were wholly baseless, and that the matter which the jury would have to decide upon was simply an impudent and audacious robbery, committed in a manner that he might stigmatize as being quite exceptionally void of extenuation.

The speech for the prosecution immensely disappointed the general public, already half-convinced, in spite of themselves, by Mr. Smoothbore's impassioned clearness and straightforward simplicity, while it pleased the jury, who were glad to hear that the matter in hand was, after all, an ordinary one, which would necessitate no deprivation of victuals, nor absence of fire and candle. The witnesses for the prosecution appeared, as usual, in an order in inverse ratio to the interest and importance of their respective testimonies—the clerk of the Miners' Bank into whose hands the notes had been paid, policemen, Mr. Dodge, and others, who only repeated what we already know. Even the appearance of Solomon Coe was marked by nothing especial, save to the eyes of the accused. In the triumphant bearing of this witness, and in the malignant glance which he had shot toward him ere he began his tale, Richard read that the charge against him was to be pushed to the bitter end. It was in this man's power, more than in any other's (save one), to extenuate or to set down in malice; and there was no doubt in his rival's mind (though his rancor took so blunt a form that it might well have been mistaken by others for outspoken candor) which of the two courses Solomon had chosen. He showed neither scruple nor hesitation; every word was distinct and decisive, and on one occasion (though the repetition of it was forbidden by the judge) even accompanied by a blow with his sledge-hammer fist in the way of corroboration. It seemed that the story he had to tell was, after all, a very plain one.

When John Trevethick, who was the last witness examined for the prosecution, strode into the box, this feeling was intensified. His giant frame and massive features seemed, somehow, to associate themselves with a plain story; and his evidence was as much in consonance with his counsel's speech as evidence could be with pleading.

But when he had quite done with his unvarnished tale, and when Mr. Smoothbore had given him a parting nod in sign that *he* had done with him, Sergeant Balais rose, for the first time, with an uplifted finger, as though, but for that signal of delay, the honest landlord would have fled incontinently, and hanged himself, like another Judas.

"You have a daughter, I believe, Mr. Trevethick?" and the Sergeant looked at the jury, with elevated eyebrows, as though he would have said, "If we can get even that admission out of this hoary miscreant, we may consider ourselves fortunate."

And indeed John Trevethick did hesitate for one instant ere he replied. He had not even looked at the prisoner before, but at that question he gave an involuntary glance toward him, and met Richard's answering look. When two men are fighting, each with his hands upon the throat of the other, not for dear life, but for the longed-for death of his foe, it is possible that in their faces some such inextinguishable lurid fire of hatred may be seen burning as then flashed from witness-box to dock, from dock to witness-box; but scarcely under any other circumstances could such a look of deadly malice be exchanged between man and man. It passed, however, in an instant, like the electric fire, and was gone, leaving no trace behind it.

"I *have* a daughter," replied Trevethick; and as he spoke his face, though somewhat pale, became as blank and hard and meaningless as a wall of stone.

"This man is about to perjure himself," thought the experienced Mr. Balais; and he looked around him with the air of one who was convinced of the fact.

"The prisoner at the bar was, I believe, your daughter's lover, was he not?"

"Not that I knew of."

"Not that you know of?" repeated Mr. Balais. "Will you venture to repeat that?"

"The witness said *knew*," interposed the judge, demurely, and ordered a sky-light to be closed, the draught from which inconvenienced him. Every body looked at the officer of the court who pulled the string and shut the sky-light, as though it had been the most ingenious contrivance known to man. Not that it was a relief to them to do so, but from that inexplicable motive which prompts us all to observe trivial circumstances with which they have nothing whatever to do, on any occasion of engrossing interest. Even Richard regarded this little process of ventilation with considerable concern, and wondered whether the judge would feel himself better after it.

"Oh, you didn't know of this attachment between the prisoner and your daughter at the time it was going on under your roof, but you knew of it afterward, did you? You read of it in the papers, I suppose, eh?"

"I heard of it, after the robbery was discovered, from my daughter herself."

"And, upon your oath, you did not know of it before then?"

"I did not."

"Nor suspect it even, perhaps?"

"Nor even suspect it."

Mr. Balais smiled, shrugged his shoulders. His principles of oratory were Demosthenean; his motto was "Action, action, action." His friends on circuit called him the Balais of action. He had had some experience of the depravity of human nature, said the shrug, but this beat every thing, and would be really amusing but for its atrocious infamy. Good Heavens!

"Then you never had any conversation with the prisoner with reference to your daughter at all?"

"Never."

Mr. Balais bent down and interchanged a word or two with Mr. Weasel behind him.

"Now be so good as to give me your best attention, Mr. Trevethick, for upon my next question more may depend than you may be aware of. If you have any regard for your own interests you will answer it truly; for as sure as—"

"Is this necessary, Brother Balais?" interrupted the judge, scratching his forehead with his forefinger, and looking up at the sky-light, as though that matter was not satisfactorily settled even yet.

"My lud, I am instructed that nothing less than a conspiracy has been entered into against my unfortunate client."

The judge nodded slightly, shivered considerably, and made a mental note to complain of that infernal draught before he should dismiss the grand jury.

"I ask you, Mr. Trevethick," continued the counsel, solemnly, "whether or not, in a conversation which you held with the prisoner upon a certain day last month, you mentioned two thousand pounds as the sum you must needs see in his possession before you could listen to any proposition of his with respect to your daughter's hand?"

"I did not."

"You never spoke of that particular sum to him at all?"

"Never at all."

It was Mr. Balais who looked up at the sky-light this time—as though he expected a thunder-bolt.

"The notes, of which we have heard so much, as being hoarded in this ingenious box of yours—and that you are a very ingenious man, Mr. Trevethick, there is no doubt—this box, I say, was kept in a certain cupboard, was it not?"

"It was."

"And now, please to look at the jury when you answer me this question: Where was this particular cupboard situated, Mr. Trevethick?"

Into the landlord's impassive face there stole for the first time a look of disquiet, and his harsh, monotonous voice grew tremulous as he replied, "The cupboard was in my daughter's bedroom."

"That will do, Mr. Trevethick, *for the present*," observed Mr. Balais, with emphasis; "though I shall probably have the opportunity of seeing you another time"—and he glanced significantly toward the dock—"*in another place.*"

CHAPTER XXX.

FOR THE DEFENSE.

WHEN Mr. Balais rose again it was to speak for the defense, and he addressed the jury amidst an unbroken silence. So rapt, indeed, was the attention of his audience that the smack of a carter's whip, as he went by in the street below, was resented by many a frown as an impertinent intrusion; and even the quarters of the church clock were listened to with impatience, lest its iron tongue should drown a single sentence. This latter interruption did not, however, often take place, for Mr. Balais was as brief in speech as he was energetic in action. He began by at once allowing the main facts which the prosecution had proved—that the notes had been taken from Trevethick's box, and found in the prisoner's possession, who had been detected in the very act of endeavoring to change them for notes of another banking company. But what he maintained was, that this exchange was not, as Mr. Smoothbore had suggested, effected for the purpose of realizing the money, but simply of throwing dust in the prosecutor's eyes. He had changed the notes only with the intention of returning his own money to Trevethick under another form. Even so young a man, and one so thoroughly ignorant of the ways of the world and of business matters as was his client, must surely have been aware, if using the money for himself had been his object, that it could be traced in notes of the Mining Company as easily as in notes of the Bank of England; nay, by this very proceeding of his, he had even given them a *double* chance of being traced. He (Mr. Balais) was not there, of course, to justify the conduct of the prisoner at the bar. It was unjustifiable, it was reprehensible in a very high degree; but what he did maintain was that, even taking for granted all that had been put in evidence, this young man's conduct was not criminal; it was not that of a thief. He had never had the least intention of stealing this money; his scheme had been merely a stratagem to obtain the object of his affections for his wife. This Trevethick was a hard and grasping man, and it was necessary for the young fellow to satisfy him that he was possessed of certain property before he would listen to any proposition for his daughter's hand. His idea—a wrong and foolish one, indeed, but then look at his youth and inexperience—was to impose upon this old miser, by showing him his own money in another form, and then, when he had gained his object, to return it to him. Mr. Balais was, for his own part, as certain of such being the fact as that he was standing in that court-house. Let them turn their eyes on the unhappy prisoner in the dock, and judge for themselves whether he looked like the mere felon which his learned friend had painted him, or the romantic, self-deceiving, thoughtless lad, such as he (Mr. Balais) felt convinced he was. They had all heard of the proverb that all things were fair in love as in war. When the jury had been young themselves perhaps some of them had acted upon that theory; at all events, it was not an unnatural idea for young people to act upon. Proverbs had always a certain weight and authority of their own. They were not necessarily Holy Writ (Mr. Balais was not quite certain whether the proverb in question was one of Solomon's own or not, so he put it in this cautious manner), but they smacked of it. This Richard Yorke, perhaps, had thought it no great harm to win his love by a false representation of the state of his finances. He could not see his way how otherwise to melt the stony heart of this old curmudgeon, who had doubtless—notwithstanding the evidence they had heard from him that day—encouraged the young man's addresses so long as he believed him to be Mr. Carew's lawful heir. The whole question, in fact, resolved itself into one of *motive*; and if there was not a word of evidence forthcoming upon the prisoner's part, he (Mr. Balais) would have left the case in the jury's hands, with the confident conviction that they would never impute to that unhappy boy—who had already suffered such tortures of mind and body as were more than a sufficient punishment for his offense—the deliberate and shameful crime of which he stood accused. He had lost his position in the world already; he had lost his sweetheart, for they had all heard that day that she was about to be driven into wedlock with his rival, a man twice his age and hers; he had lost the protection of his father—his own flesh and blood—for since this miserable occurrence he had chosen to disown him; and yet here was the prosecutor, who had lost nothing (except his own self-respect, and the respect of all who had listened to his audacious testimony that morning), pressing for a conviction, for more punishment; in a word, for the gratification of a mean revenge. If he (Mr. Balais) had nothing more, therefore, to urge in his client's defense, he would have been content to leave the jury to deal with this case—Englishmen, who detested oppression, and loved that justice only which is tempered with mercy. But as it so happened, there was no need thus to leave it; no necessity to appeal to mercy at all. He had only to ask them for the barest justice. He was happily in a position to prove that the prisoner at the bar had no more stolen this two thousand pounds than their own upright and sagacious foreman.

A sigh of relief was uttered from a hundred gentle breasts. "We are coming to something at last," it seemed to say. A hundred fair faces looked at Mr. Balais—who was growing gray and wrinkled, and found every new performance of his pantomime harder and harder—as though they could have kissed him, nevertheless. "Yes, gentlemen of the jury, that money was given to him by the prosecutor's daughter with her own hand."

A murmur of satisfaction ran round the court-house.

There *was* a romance—a love-story—in the case, then, after all.

Mr. Balais concluded a most energetic speech with a peroration of great brilliancy, in which Richard and Harry were exhibited like a transparency in the bright colors of Youth, and Hope, and Passion, and finally sat down amidst what would have been a burst of applause but for the harsh voice of the usher nipping it in the bud by proclaiming silence.

There was no need for his doing that when Mr. Balais jumped up to his feet again, as though he were on springs, and called for Harry Trevethick. The judge was taking snuff at the time; and such was the stillness that you could hear the overplus falling on the paper before him on which he wrote down his notes. There was a minute's delay, during which every eye was fixed upon the witness-box, and then Harry appeared. She was very pale, and wore a look of anxious timidity; but a bright spot came into her cheeks as she turned her face to the prisoner in the dock, and smiled upon him. From that moment Richard felt that he was safe. Guarded as he was, and still in peril, he forgot his danger, and once more resolved that he would cleave to this tender creature, to whom he was about to owe his safety, to his life's end.

Harry was simply yet attractively attired in a pale violet silk dress, with a straw bonnet trimmed with the same modest color. It was observed, with reference to this and to the innocence and gentleness of her expression, that she looked like a dove; and a dove she seemed to Richard, bringing him the signal that the flood was abating, the deep waters of which had so nearly overwhelmed both soul and body. Even the judge, as Mr. Weasel had foretold, regarded her through his double glasses with critical approval; for a most excellent judge he was—of female attractions.

Mr. Balais smiled triumphantly at the jury. "Did I not tell you," he seemed to say, "that my client is guiltless in this matter? Here is Truth herself come to witness in his favor. Bless her!" Richard's feverish eyes were fixed upon her; he knew no God, but here was his spring in the wilderness, his shadow of the great rock in a weary land. As for her, she looked only at the judge, expecting—poor little ignoramus—that it was he who would question her.

"You are the daughter of John Trevethick, of Gethin?" said Mr. Balais.

This interrogatory, simple as it was, made her color rise, coming from that unexpected quarter.

"Yes, Sir."

"He keeps an inn, does he not; the"—here Mr. Balais affected to consult his brief, to give her time to recover herself from her modest confusion—"the *Gethin Castle*, I believe?"

"Yes, Sir."

"The prisoner at the bar has been staying there for some months, has he not?"

She stole another look at Richard: it spoke as plainly as looks could speak, "Oh yes; that is how I came to know and love him." But she only murmured, "Yes, Sir."

"Speak up, Miss Trevethick," said the counsel, encouragingly; "these twelve gentlemen are all very anxious to hear what you have to say." The judge nodded and smiled, as though in corroboration, as well as to add, upon his own account, that it would give *him* also much pleasure to hear her.

"Was the prisoner staying in the inn as an ordinary guest, or did he mix with the family?"

"He was in the bar parlor most nights, Sir, along with father and me and Solomon."

"He was in the bar parlor most nights," repeated Mr. Balais, significantly, for he was anxious that the jury should catch that answer—"'with father and me and Solomon.' And who introduced him into the parlor?"

"Father brought him first, Sir, on the second day after he came to Gethin."

"Father brought him in, did he? Now, that is rather an unusual thing for the landlord of an inn to do, is it not? To introduce a young man whom he had known but twenty-four hours to his family circle, and to the society of his daughter, eh?"

"Please, Sir, I don't know, Sir."

"No, of course you don't, Miss Trevethick; how should you? But I think the jury know. You have no idea, then, yourself, why your father introduced this young gentleman to you so early?"

"Father said he was a friend of Mr. Carew's, of Crompton, who is father's landlord."

"Just so," said Mr. Balais, with another significant glance at the attentive twelve. "Mr. Trevethick had already discovered that this youth was of a good social position, and likely to prove an excellent match. 'Will you walk into my parlor?' said the spider to the fly; 'I have the prettiest daughter that ever you did spy.'"

Every body tittered at this except Mr. Smoothbore and his solicitor; even the judge blew his nose.

"Now, not only did the prisoner at the bar spend most nights in the bar parlor, but, as I am given to understand, he spent most days there, or, at all events, in your society, did he not?"

"Father and Solomon were away most days, Sir, and so we were left a good deal together."

"Just so. Your father took care to be away most days, did he, in order that you should be left a good deal together?"

Mr. Smoothbore started to his feet. "My lud, I submit," etc.; meaning that this was a mode of interrogating the witness that he could *not* submit to for an instant.

"Very good," said Mr. Balais, smiling. "I will not put the question in that form, then. The form is of very little consequence. You were left together, however, and the consequence was that you two young people fell in love with one another, eh?"

Harry was crimson. "I—he—we;" and there she stuck.

"I am very sorry to embarrass you, my dear young lady, but I am necessitated to press this question. Did you fall in love with one another or not?"

No answer. Harry was thinking of Solomon, to whom she was to be married within ten days, and hung her head.

"Come, did he fall in love with *you*, then? There was ample apology for it, I am sure, and he ought to have been ashamed of himself if he hadn't. Now, did he 'court' you? I think you must know what that means."

No answer. Every eye was upon her, the judge's double glasses included. They might have been burning-glasses, she felt so hot and frightened.

"Come, did this young gentleman ever give you a kiss?"

"Yes, Sir," murmured poor Harry, almost under her breath.

"Did you say 'Yes' or 'No?'" inquired the judge, dipping his pen in the ink.

"I said 'Yes,' my lord," said the unhappy Harry.

"There were more kisses than one, now, I dare say," said Mr. Balais, with a wink at the jury; "and they were not all on one side, eh?"

No answer.

"Some of them were on the other side, were they not? I don't mean on the other cheek, for I have no doubt he was perfectly indifferent as to that."

Again there was a little titter.

"She is your own witness, Brother Balais," observed his lordship, "but it seems to me you are giving her unnecessary pain."

He had a very tender heart, had the old judge,

where a young and pretty woman was concerned—otherwise he was a Tartar.

"My lud, it is absolutely necessary to prove that my client's passion was reciprocated. Did you ever return one of these many kisses, Miss Trevethick?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Did you ever meet him alone at night in a place, I believe, called the Fairies' Bower?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Yes," repeated Mr. Balais, recapitulating these facts upon his fingers; "you were left alone with him all day; you met him alone at night, away from your father's roof; you returned his kisses; and all this without the slightest suspicion—if we are to believe his evidence—being aroused upon the part of your parent. Now, Miss Trevethick, you were aware that your father kept a large sum of money—these two thousand pounds—in his strong-box, were you not?"

"I was, Sir."

"Did you ever speak to the prisoner at the bar about it?"

"I think—yes, I did, Sir, on one occasion," and here Harry's voice fluttered and faltered. No one noticed it, however, except the prisoner; if any neighbor eyes had watched him narrowly—but they were all fixed upon the witness—they would have seen his face whiten, and his brow grow damp. Why should she have laid that stress upon "on one occasion?"

"You told him that the two thousand pounds were in the box in the cupboard in your bedroom?"

"I did, Sir."

"The fastening of the box was not an ordinary lock, I believe. It was what is called a letter padlock?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Did you ever open it?"

"No, Sir."

A great bell seemed to be suddenly set tolling in Richard's brain—it was the knell of all his hopes.

"You had never opened it at that time, eh?" continued Mr. Balais, cheerfully. "But you learned the secret afterward?"

"I—yes—I did."

"Do you remember the letters that did open it?"

"Yes, Sir."

"What were they?"

"B, N, Z."

"Very good. We have heard from the counsel for the prosecution that they were so; and that Mr. Trevethick kept a memorandum of them on a piece of paper that fitted into his watch-case. Did he always carry that watch about with him?"

"Not always. When he went out to market, and was likely to be late, he sometimes left it at home."

"In his own room, I suppose, where you or any body else could get at it?"

"I suppose so, Sir."

"You *suppose?* You know he did, do you not? Did you not open the watch-case yourself, and so discover the means of unlocking the box?"

"No, Sir," said Harry, faintly; and once more she turned her eyes to Richard. It was a true and tender glance, one would have said, and accompanied by an attempt at a smile of encouragement. But if it had been a glance of a gorgon, it could not have had a more appalling effect; it literally seemed to turn him into stone.

"Recollect yourself, Miss Trevethick," said Mr. Balais, earnestly; "you are getting confused, I fear. Now please to give me your attention. You say that you knew that the letters B, N, Z were those which formed the key of the letter padlock, and yet that you did not open your father's watch-case. How, then, did you become possessed of the secret?"

No answer. Harry caught her breath convulsively, and turned deadly pale. She could never tell how Mrs. Yorke had endeavored to suborn her.

"Well, well, this is a matter of very little consequence—though I see my learned friend is making a copious note of it," said Mr. Balais, gayly. "The main point is what, as you have told us, did occur—that you found out the secret somehow. When you got it, I suppose you opened the box?"

No answer, save from Mr. Smoothbore, who observed, tartly: "You have no right to assume that, Sergeant."

"Let the young woman have a glass of water," suggested the kindly judge.

"My lord, my lord!" cried Harry, with sudden passion, "he is not guilty. Richard did not mean to steal the money; indeed he did not. He only wished to get possession of it that my father might believe him to be a man of wealth. He did but—"

"Endeavor to compose yourself, young woman," interposed the judge. "The learned counsel will only ask what is necessary."

"Take your time, Miss Trevethick, take your time," pursued Mr. Balais, in his blandest tones. "The question is, how the prisoner became possessed of this money. Now, tell us, did you not give it him with your own hands?"

The bell was still tolling in Richard's brain, and yet he could hear the buzzing of a fly against a window of the court-house, and the careless whistle of some lad in the street without. It was the same tune that the keeper at Crompton had been wont to whistle in his leisure moments at home; and his mind reverted with a flash to the glades of the stately park, the herds of deer, the high-mossed gate, which he had shut in the face of the hounds when they were chasing Carew's carriage. Was it the bang of the gate, or had Harry really answered in a firm voice, that resounded through the silent court-house, "No, Sir?"

"What!" said Mr. Balais, raising his voice a little. "Do you mean to say, then—and recollect that the fate of the prisoner at the bar may depend upon your reply to this question—that Richard Yorke did not become possessed of these notes by your connivance through your means, at all?"

SUPERINTENDENT JAMES J. KELSO.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY SARONY & CO.—[SEE PAGE 711.]

"No, Sir, no," answered Harry, passionately; "I can't say that; indeed, Sir, I can not. But he is innocent—Richard is innocent—he never meant to steal them. O God, help me!" In her excitement, and not because she wished to do so, she had turned about, and once more caught sight of the prisoner at the bar. It was her turn now to shrink appalled and petrified. It was not reproach that she saw pictured in that well-loved face, but downright hate and loathing. "He will never, never forgive me!" cried she, with a piteous wail; and then scream followed scream, and she was borne out in haste, and a doctor sent for.

Cross-examination was, of course, quite out of the question; and, indeed, Mr. Smoothbore was much too sagacious a man to wish to exercise that privilege. The failure of the witness for the defense had proved the case of the prosecution.

It was Mr. Smoothbore who could now best afford to praise the innocence and candor of the unhappy Harry. Was it not evident that that tender creature had been tampered with, and almost persuaded to perjure herself, for the sake of the prisoner at the bar—almost, but happily for the ends of justice, not quite persuaded! Her natural love of right had conquered the ignoble passion with which she had been inspired by this unscrupulous man. What words could sufficiently paint the baseness of the conduct of the accused! Was it not clear that he had endeavored to escape scot-free, at the sacrifice of this poor girl's good name? *She*, forsooth, was to proclaim herself thief, to save his worthless self! It was not for Mr. Smoothbore—Heaven forbid!—to exaggerate such wickedness, but was it possible that the phrase, "Young in years, but old in vice," had ever had a more appropriate application than in the present case! For the credit of human nature, he trusted not. The point upon which his learned friend had mainly relied having been thus proved wholly untenable—the fact of Richard's taking the money having been incontestably brought home to him—it only remained for him (Mr. Smoothbore) to notice what had been said with respect to motive. If the prisoner at the bar had even had the intention, which had been so gratuitously imputed to him, of returning this money to the prosecutor, when once the object of his supposed scheme had been effected, he would be no less guilty of the crime that was laid to his charge. It was possible, indeed, in such a case, that there might be extenuating circumstances, but those would not affect the verdict of the jury, however they might influence his lordship's sentence after that verdict had been truly given. And this he would say, after what had just occurred in that court—after the painful scene they had just witnessed—the breaking down of that innocent girl in an act of self-sacrifice, culpable in itself, but infinitely more culpable in him who had incited her to do it—for he could not for an instant suppose that the prisoner's legal advisers could have suggested such a line of defense: taking all this into consideration, he, Mr. Smoothbore, would confidently ask the jury whether the prisoner at the bar was to be credited with merely a romantic stratagem, or with a crime the heinousness of which was only exceeded by the means by which he had striven to exculpate himself from it, and to evade the ends of justice.

When Mr. Smoothbore had thus concluded a lengthened and impassioned harangue, he sat down, wiping his hands upon his handkerchief, as though implying that he had washed them of the prisoner for good and all, and that a very dirty job it had been; while the judge rose and left the court, it being the hour appointed to his system, by nature, for the reception of lunch.

"COME, DID THE YOUNG GENTLEMAN EVER GIVE YOU A KISS?"

THE WATCH ON THE RHINE.

Words by MAX SCHNECKENBURGER; *Music* by KARL WILHELM.

KARL WILHELM.

A VOICE resounds like thunder-peal,
'Mid dashing waves and clang of steel,
"The Rhine! the Rhine! the German Rhine!
Who guards to-day my stream divine?"
Dear Father-land! No danger thine:
Firm stand thy sons to watch the Rhine.

They stand, a hundred thousand strong,
Quick to avenge their country's wrong:
With filial love their bosoms swell:
They'll guard the sacred landmark well.
Dear Father-land! No danger thine:
Firm stand thy sons to watch the Rhine.

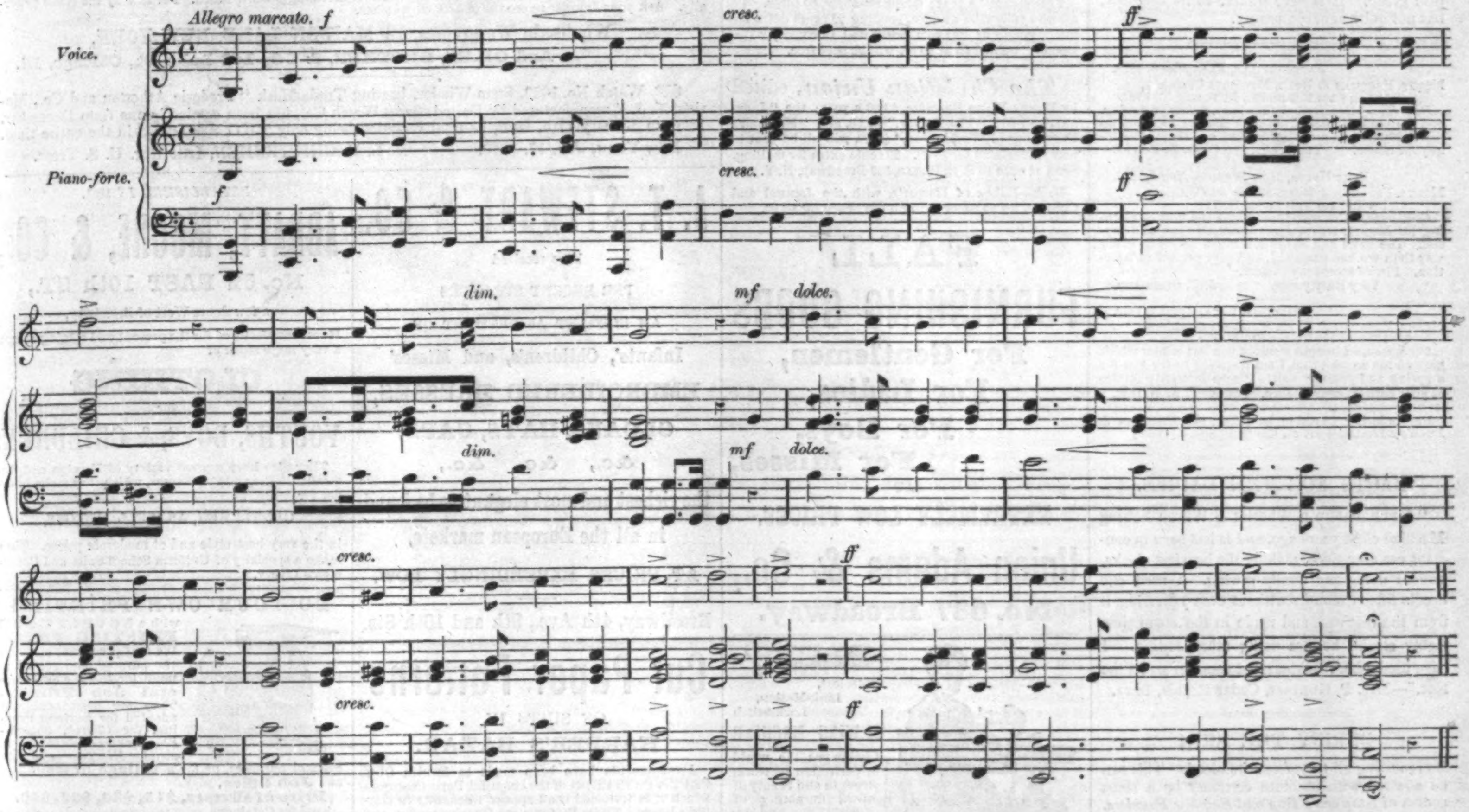
And though in death our hopes decay,
The Rhine will own no foreign sway;
For rich with water as its flood
Is Germany with hero blood.
Dear Father-land! No danger thine:
Firm stand thy sons to watch the Rhine.

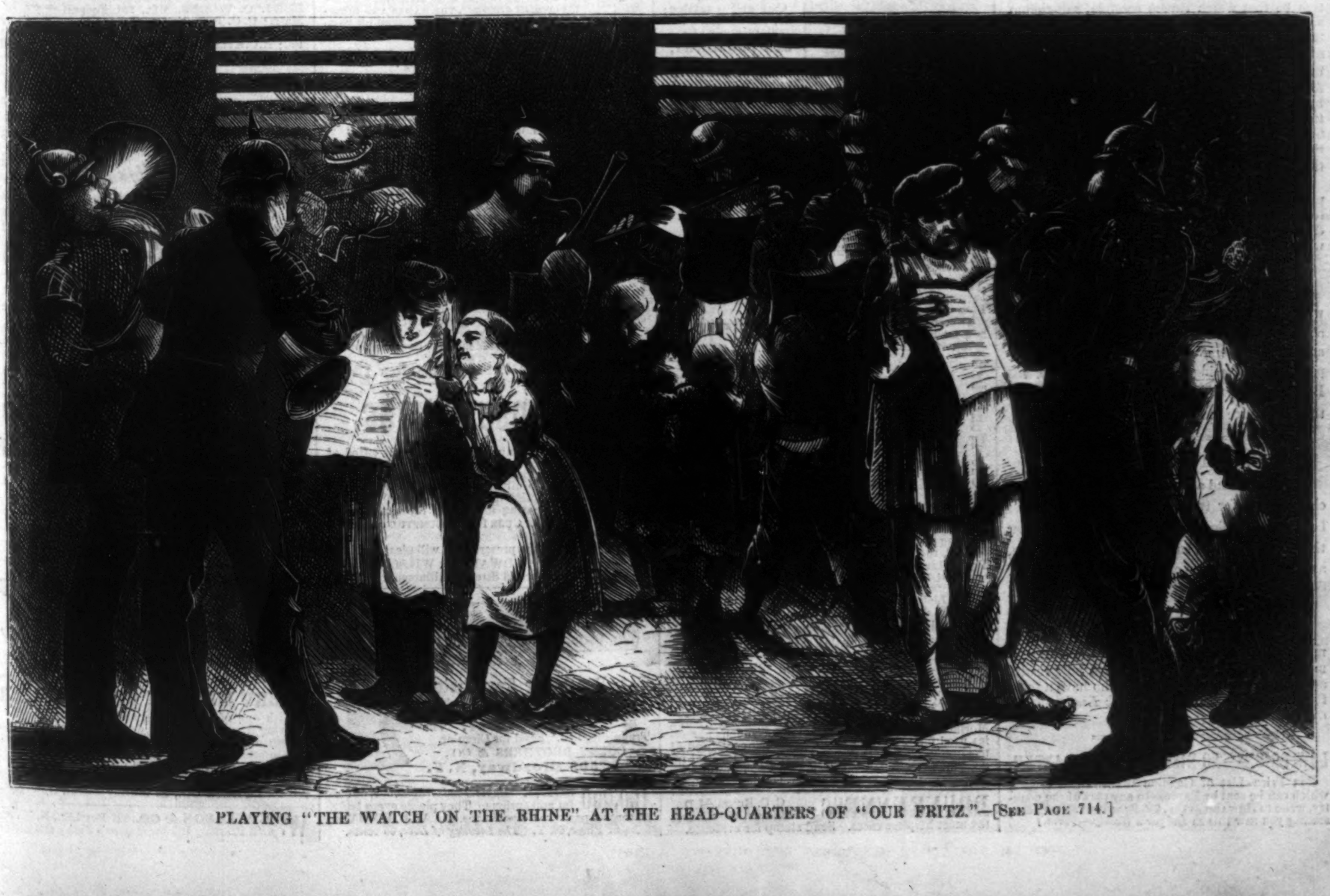
From yon blue sky are bending now
The hero dead to hear our vow:
"As long as German hearts are free
The Rhine, the Rhine, shall German be."
Dear Father-land! No danger thine:
Firm stand thy sons to watch the Rhine.

"While flows one drop of German blood,
Or sword remains to guard thy flood,
While rifle rests in patriot hand,
No foe shall tread thy sacred strand."
Dear Father-land! No danger thine:
Firm stand thy sons to watch the Rhine.

Our oath resounds; the river flows;
In golden light our banner glows;
Our hearts will guard thy stream divine:
The Rhine! the Rhine! the German Rhine!
Dear Father-land! No danger thine:
Firm stand thy sons to watch the Rhine.

MAX SCHNECKENBURGER.





PLAYING "THE WATCH ON THE RHINE" AT THE HEAD-QUARTERS OF "OUR FRITZ."—[SEE PAGE 714.]

THE BLUE GROTTO.

ONE of the most remarkable caves in the world is the Blue Grotto, in the island of Capri. The entrance from the sea is so narrow that the persons in the boat must lie down; but as soon as that is passed you enter into fairy-land. The water, clear to the bottom, is of an exquisite celestial blue, which is reflected from the calcareous rocks in their pure whiteness. It is a palace of turquoise built above a sapphire lake. The drops of water from the oars sparkle like pearls with a blue tinge. The effect on the body is most singular; the part under water of a swimmer is silvery white, with blue shadows round the muscles; while the head and neck, which are out of the water, are of a bronze color, looking like an alabaster statue with a bronze head. It is certainly one the most beautiful natural curiosities in the world. A fisherman was the first to discover it, in 1822, though there are some indications that it was known to the ancients. Much has been written as to the cause of so singular a phenomenon; perhaps the most plausible theory is that, owing to the peculiar form of the entrance, the sea is saturated with light, which is shut up within, and throws its rays to the farthest depths of the vault. In another part of the coast there is a grotto where the color is that of pale green. It is very similar to its neighbor, but not quite equal in beauty.

JACKSONVILLE, FLA., *May* 8, 1870.
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Messrs. FREEMAN & BURR, Merchant Clothiers,
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Gentlemen,—I received last night the box of clothing for Messrs. DUNN, BRANNIGAN, MOORE, and myself. The suits and shirts are much better in every way than we had expected, and give perfect satisfaction. Please accept my thanks.
Very truly yours, J. C. STODDARD.

VILLISCA, IOWA, *April* 9, 1870.
Messrs. FREEMAN & BURR, Merchant Clothiers,
138 and 140 Fulton St., N. Y.:
Gentlemen,—I bought a suit of you last winter which pleased me so well that I am disposed to try you for a spring and summer suit. Please forward samples at your earliest convenience. Yours, T. F. WILLIS.

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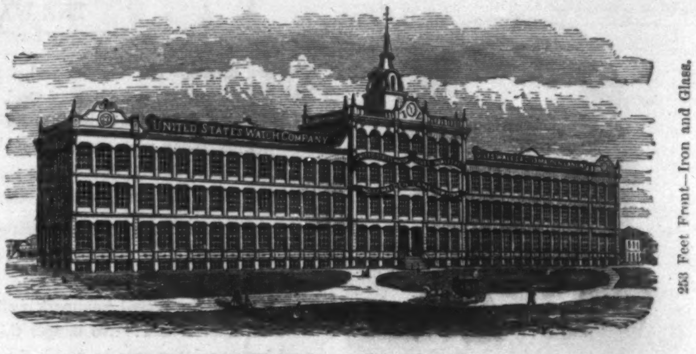

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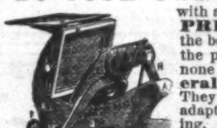

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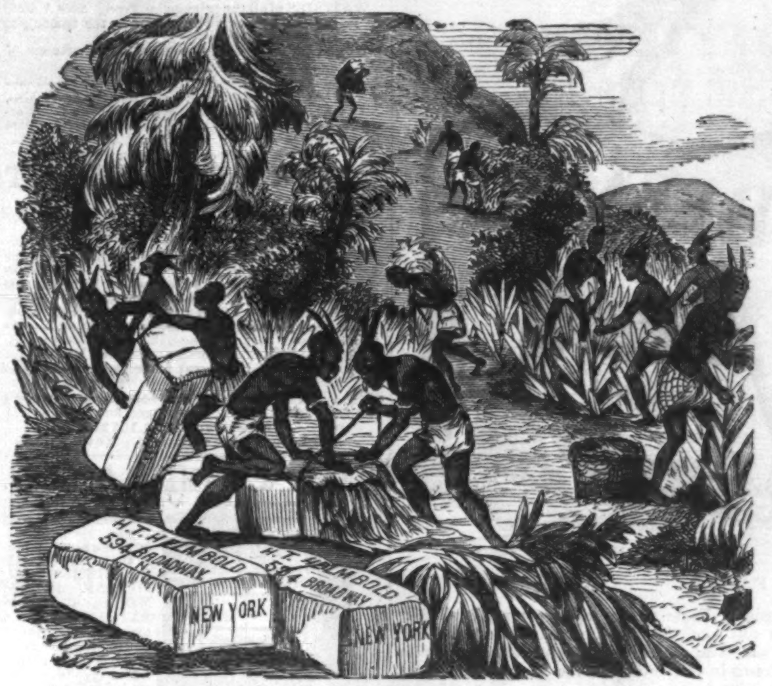

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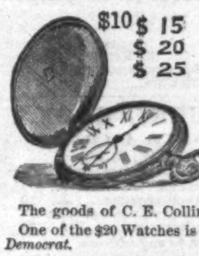

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